The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1936 NUMBER 1145

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The Week

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's overwhelming victory promises to change the face of American political life. Even those expert observers who predicted a landslide did not envisage the unprecedented majority, both in popular vote and the electoral college, that he rolled up. As early as eleven o'clock on election night, when the first returns indicated a Roosevelt victory in every one of the doubtful states, and a popular majority of perhaps 9,000,000, leading Republican politicians and newspapers began to concede that their cause was hopeless; only the incredible John D. M. Hamilton still clung to the theory of a Republican victory, assuring his followers that "things would look different in the morning." In the morning, they looked even worse for the G.O.P. It is possible to argue that Governor Landon might have done better if he had made no campaign at all. Certainly, he did himself no good by the patently false accusations of radicalism, the social-security-tax campaign, the charge that in Mr. Roosevelt's Madison Square Garden speech he had called himself "master." The people apparently rejected the dirty campaign along with the dirty campaigners.

THE smothering victory of the Democrats will again raise the speculation whether the Republican Party may not, like its predecessor the Whig Party, disappear as a force in American politics. It has become obviously an upper-class party composed chiefly of business and financial interests, and without enough followers to win elections except in a few states; most of these followers are past the age of fifty. In assessing the chances for survival of a party which is suffering from arteriosclerosis, no question is more crucial than whether it can command enough patronage to keep its local machines vigorous in the face of a hostile President. The Democrats always could do this in their lean years because of their representation in Congress, their roots in the South and their hold on numerous Northern cities. But, on the basis of early returns, it looks as if the Republicans had lost ground both in the Senate and in the House, in which bodies they were already an inconsiderable minority; they apparently will not add to the six governorships out of forty-eight that they previously held, and this number may be diminished. New Jersey, the largest and most important state in which a Republican Governor held office, seems already lost.

EARLY indications of results in the congressional election are largely matters for congratulation. Reactionary Republicans like Barbour of New Jersey, Metcalfe of Rhode Island and Hastings of Delaware (the du Pont agent in the upper house) were defeated. Since the retirement and death of Senator Couzens of Michigan removed an able and progressive Republican from the Senate, it is better that he should be succeeded, as he probably will be, by a Democrat. Even Senator Dickinson of Iowa may have lost his seat. In Massachusetts we welcome the indicated defeat of the Democratic Curley by the Republican Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., since a conservative is preferable to a blatant demagogue. The victories of the old independents, Norris and Borah, in the face of dangerous opposition, are particularly pleasing, while the promotion to the Senate of Representative Lundeen

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of Minnesota should greatly strengthen the progressive ranks. Information about elections to the House is at this writing so incomplete as to bar much comment; it is extremely regrettable, however, that Representative Marcantonio of New York was buried in the Democratic landslide.

THE question that perhaps interests progressives most is what light the election may throw on the chance for a strong new progressive or labor party in 1940. So far the evidence on this matter is not all in. It is clear that labor and progressive support was a large factor in Mr. Roosevelt's triumph, but we do not yet know the figures of this vote where it may be separately identified, as in Wisconsin, Minnesota or New York (through the American Labor Party). The Lemke aggregation did much worse than expected, and that was poorly enough; Father Coughlin, Gerald Smith, Dr. Townsend and their motley followers are therefore definitely out of the path of a genuine political coalition on the Left. The votes for Norman Thomas and Earl Browder were expected to drop far under the Socialist and Communist totals of 1932 because of the flocking of labor behind the President, but we shall not know the facts for a week or more. It would have been more wholesome if these parties had retained or increased their strength. Aside from these factors, we believe the greatest opportunity for a new party lies in the very size of the Democratic majority and the weakness of the Republican opposition. This portends a split among the Democrats into right and left wings; the result may easily be that the right wing will coalesce with the Republicans as the conservative force and the left wing emerge as a truly progressive political instrument. Which faction would retain the Democratic name and party machinery it is too early to say.

AMONG the by-products of the campaign is a crushing blow to the prestige of The Literary Digest and a vindication of the "scientific sampling method" of the Institute of Public Opinion. The Digest, which predicted an overwhelming Landon victory, was wrong in every doubtful state. Dr. George Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion came startlingly near to the final result when, on election eve, it announced that only three states—Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire—with a total of twelve electoral votes, were sure for Landon. Dr. Gallup has every right to feel that his system of testing the sentiment of a few hundred thousand voters, carefully selected to give a cross-section of the country as a whole, has been triumphantly vindicated. The reason for The Literary Digest's completely wrong guess is, in our judgment, the one suggested in these columns before the election. More than ever before in our history, this was a class contest, the poor voting one way and the well-to-do another. The Literary Digest, with no intention to deceive, distributed a disproportionate part of its ballots among the well-to-do.

FOR the first time in many weeks, the advantage in the Spanish civil war swung to the government in the seven days ending November 3. The change was generally attributed to new supplies of munitions from unknown sources. . . . Mussolini made a speech alternately conciliatory and threatening to Britain and France. He announced the death of the League, the rise of "armed peace" as a substitute, invited England and France to join the Italo-German anti-communist bloc and bluntly threatened Great Britain that he will go to war rather than be throttled in the Mediterranean. . . . As every European power continued its armament program with desperate haste, Italy announced an immediate addition to the man power of her navy to 100,000, double what it was a few months ago. . . . A British royal commission, reporting on the munitions industry, recommended no nationalization but strict control in peacetime and the abolition of private profit during war. . . . Josef Stalin put himself in the bracket with Mark Twain by replying to a press inquiry whether he was dead with the statement that since he saw it in the foreign press it must be true and he would appreciate being left in the peace appropriate to his condition. . . . The serious food problem in Germany was emphasized by General Göring's request that people abstain, as he is doing, from eating butter.

ASIDE from the election, the chief domestic happening in the week ending November 3 was the maritime strike. On the Pacific Coast about 40,000 men walked out and there were sympathetic "outlaw" strikes on the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf. An interesting point about the strike in New York City was the refusal of the leaders to give news to reporters not members of the Newspaper Guild. . . . The business revival continued, reports to The New York Times indicating output better than 1929 in cotton goods, shoes and paper and almost the 1929 level in men's clothing. . . . Secretary Perkins reported reëmployment in private industry of 1,400,000 and said that excluding agriculture, employment is now only 4,200,000 less than in 1929. . . . A striking sign of the times came when an important aviation company announced new winter rates slightly lower than those of extra-fare railroad trains.

MUSSOLINI, speaking at Milan, addressed his words primarily not to his black-shirt audience, but to foreign nations. He again rejected disarmament. He ridiculed collective security, and the idea that peace is, as the Russians say, indivisible. He wished for the death of the League of Nations. All this is familiar. With France he wanted to be friendly, provided only that she will desert Geneva and recognize his conquest of Ethiopia. He announced that the accord of July 11 between Austria and Germany was known and approved by him on June 5. He spoke warmly of Hungary, noting that "justice"

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should be rendered her by returning to Hungarian rule 4,000,000 Magyars who he says are now outside her borders. He reaffirmed the complete understanding between Rome and Berlin, on the basis of anti-Bolshevism. Speaking of communism, he said, "the time has come to put an end to it. This might be done by opposing fascism and democracy to it." He invited Britain to a "direct and rapid reciprocal" understanding about the Mediterranean, in which "our rights and vital interests must be respected." This was accomplished by a threat of war if such an understanding is not reached. What the speech amounts to, then, is this: Italy and Germany are united to fight the Soviet Union and to dominate Central Europe, carving up Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia for the advantage of Hungary. Mussolini invites France and Britain to join this crusade, after making way for Italy's imperialism. If they will not do this, he threatens them with war too. Will Blum and Baldwin cringe before this program laid out for them by international fascism?

BAD news about civil liberties for the week ending November 2: A resolution was proposed to the New York County committee of the American Legion urging the withdrawal of citizenship from Communists, the deportation of those who are foreign-born, elimination of the Communist Party from the ballot and the curtailment of the right of free speech. The resolution also contained a clause regarding its further adoption by all posts of the Legion. . . . Homer Brooks, Communist candidate for Governor of Texas, was jailed for several hours in Port Arthur, and only released upon his promise to leave town. He had been scheduled to speak there the next day. . . . Police in New York City raided the offices of the Motion Picture Machine Operators' Union, detained some of the people present for several hours, and seized the records of the union. . . . Good news for the week: James W. Ford, Communist candidate for Vice President, spoke unmolested in Durham, North Carolina, in contrast to the experience of his running-mate, Earl Browder, in Tampa, Florida. . . . The attack on the Browder meeting aroused a storm of protest from newspapers and trade unions throughout Florida.

THE report on the English munitions industry, issued last week by the royal commission of which Sir John Eldon Banks is chairman, seems a singularly ineffectual document. Its recommendations are relatively mild, and it flatly opposes nationalization. But more than this, it appears at a moment when England is in the midst of a great armament program. A vast administrative machine has been set up under Sir Thomas Inskip, and commitments made extending two and three years in the future. To imagine that this program will now be taken to pieces and rearranged to fit the suggestions of the Banks report is preposterous. The Banks commission was created twenty months ago. Why it did not issue its report last spring when the new armament program was being discussed by Parliament is a mystery that only the members of the commission can answer. At this distance, it would look as if the commission, probably at the behest of the Tory party leaders, deliberately tried to sabotage its own work.

Mr. Roosevelt's Blank Check

LIKE MOST great victories, the Roosevelt triumph raises more questions than it answers. It is easy to guess what the people voted against, but not what they voted for. The majority was reluctant to turn the country over to the same crowd that had been represented by Coolidge and Hoover, that had helped to bring on the depression and had done so little to end it or to relieve the distress it caused. Many voters feared what this crowd, if in power, might do to labor or to those on relief, or to the farmers, who pled so long and so vainly for a fair deal before Mr. Roosevelt was elected. They resented the tone of the more extreme opposition to the President, which mouthed the personal scandal, the myths about Jewish and Communist plots. As the official Republican campaign came to resemble more and more the Liberty League attacks and the propaganda of all the little fascist and patrioteering agitators, they firmly decided they would have none of it.

But what did they vote for? A pleasant smile and a good radio voice? A recovery policy which, judging by the business statistics, had already done most of its work (or is proved not to have been as damaging as its opponents alleged) but which is largely irrelevant to present problems? The amorphous Democratic Party? Or a series of reforms either already adopted or banned by the courts? It is almost impossible to point to one concrete proposal by the President for future action. The platform promised merely not to undo what had been done, and to continue the good work. There were a few general words about balancing the budget at the earliest possible moment, about reforming the civil service, about staying out of war. But in a larger sense, if Mr. Roosevelt has any mandate from the electorate, it is a mandate to remain President and do what he wishes.

What will the administration write on this blank check? A reëlected President is said to have an immense opportunity to act as a leader unhampered by practical politics. During his first term he is making a record for reëlection; during his second, since according to custom he cannot run a third time, he is making a record for posterity. This dictum seems to us superficial, especially in the present circumstances. No President, in spite of the great power of his position, is a dictator. And even dictators have to conform with social forces in the end. What any President of the United States can do depends in large measure upon his control of

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Congress, his support by public opinion, the interaction of pressure groups. He can express ideas, he can wield the prestige of his personality and his office, but the limits of his effective action are determined by forces outside himself.

In the case of Mr. Roosevelt, he was given far more scope for drastic policies in the spring of 1933 than he has today. Then the traditional centers of non-governmental power were completely demoralized, the social current was fluid, and by the very fact that he acted at all, he commanded an immense and enthusiastic following. Now, with recovery well advanced, with profits rising daily to new heights, with returned self-confidence among the customary economic rulers of the nation, and with a well developed propaganda against all significant change, Mr. Roosevelt's sphere is more limited.

If the President had a free hand and were as serious about reconstructing the nation's economic and social system as Mr. Roosevelt said he was at the beginning, he would recognize that a boom of the old-fashioned type is now developing. Business and finance have veered far away from social planning for either stability or abundance. In spite of peripheral reforms such as the imperfect beginning of social insurance, supervision of the issuance of securities and the stock market to enforce more honesty, and even the greater centralization of credit policy, no legal power and no techniques exist to prevent such a boom from running its usual course and being followed by another depression. It is fair to say that business executives and speculators have learned nothing from their recent experience. Yet the time to prevent a depression, if that can be done, is during revival. What national policies regarding wages, production, prices, investment and credit ought now to be followed? Mr. Roosevelt might ask a group of experts to recommend such policies; or, still better, he might resuscitate the movement, sidetracked by the ill considered N.R.A., to establish a genuine national planning by congressional enactment. And he might prepare for recommendations of such a body by supporting a constitutional amendment that would permit government to regulate economic life in essential particulars. By the time all this ground was cleared, it would be none too early to get ready for the next severe economic collapse.

Recognizing that all such efforts must remain paper programs unless backed by social and political forces, the President would also take pains to hold the path open for labor organization and consumer coöperation on the broadest possible scale. Since the Wagner act safeguarding unions is likely either to be thrown out by the Supreme Court or to be so narrowed in application as to cover only those employees directly engaged in interstate commerce, constitutional amendment would probably be necessary for this purpose also.

In agriculture, soil conservation, forestry and related fields, the administration has made a good beginning, but these efforts should not be relaxed; they should be redoubled. In power policy and conservation of mineral resources such as coal, oil and gas, the surface has hardly been scratched; energetic action is necessary here.

Many are convinced, and offer convincing reasons for their conclusion, that to effectuate aims like these, control of private business never will suffice, that the high road lies in the direction of enlarging public ownership. Mr. Roosevelt is not a socialist and has never pretended to be one; he was not re-elected on a socialist program. Nevertheless he might try to extend public ownership in the cases of separate industries in which this means of adjusting problems seems reasonable on specific grounds and has been recommended by his own advisers—industries such as electric power and railroads.

A problem that might suddenly overshadow all these others is the relation of the United States to a new world war. There is no question that an overwhelming majority of the President's supporters, not to say of the whole population, wants to stay out of war if it comes. Is the administration prepared to effectuate this aim with practical measures? Does it have a feasible program of neutrality legislation that would keep us from being involved? And is it prepared to deal with the sacrifices that this would impose upon our own economic life? Is the President ready to create an economy of peace that would offset the illusory attractions of the economy of war? This kind of preparation ought to be one of his first concerns.

In foreign policy also a clear line needs to be laid out. To what extent are we wise in coöperating with other nations in an effort to prevent war? Can the great democracies which have already approached one another with a currency understanding go further to lay the basis of a prosperity that will discourage fascist aggressors? How far can the rebuilding of world trade be pushed merely by the lowering of trade barriers? Will not some more positive action be necessary?

Here is a series of the most important opportunities that ever faced a President. The temptation will be, however, to ignore them or to play idly with them because prosperity is now really around the corner and dominating business forces are against all sorts of governmental activity except those which add to profits. Many expect Mr. Roosevelt now to swing to the right in order to conciliate as many as possible of the groups that have been fighting him so bitterly. He dearly likes to convert enemies into friends. His shrewd political instinct will naturally lead him in the direction of not alarming anyone of importance. Therefore the greatest political need for the coming four years is strong pressure from labor, progressives and all groups on the Left, accompanied by intellectual leadership on national problems. For without this pressure and this leadership Mr. Roosevelt may not want to do the necessary jobs, and even if he does want to do them, he will be able to make little headway.

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The Lady Patriot Replies

SOME MONTHS ago there appeared in The New Republic an article by Harry Thornton Moore concerning Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling. As most of our readers doubtless know, from this article or from other sources of information, Mrs. Dilling is the author of that amazing book, "The Red Network," which contains a long list of persons and institutions in this country allegedly engaged in subversive radical activities, a list that includes almost everyone who has ever taken a public stand for anything this side of black reaction. Following the appearance of Mr. Moore's article, Mrs. Dilling at once prepared a reply many thousands of words in length, for which she obtained newspaper publication. She also distributed it in pamphlet form to large numbers of persons, including, apparently, many of those who have received copies of her book as a gift.

Mr. Moore's article was accompanied by a list of some errors in "The Red Network." A group of Chicago progressives had written some time earlier at random to a few of the hundreds of persons mentioned in her book and asked them whether the statements about them were accurate; in nearly every case they answered that these statements were incorrect, and summaries of their replies were published in our pages. Characteristically, Mrs. Dilling failed to notice that this material was not a part of The New Republic article, and was not prepared in this office. Her reply insisted that she knew better than these individuals whether they were radical or not, whether they were or were not members of certain organizations, etc. The question has been taken up again with the individuals concerned, who reply in most cases that their repudiation of Mrs. Dilling's description of themselves still stands.

We do not propose to take space to go through these matters in detail; there were two or three unimportant errors of fact, which arose in condensing the original letters into the brief summaries which we printed. Stuart Chase was indeed, as Mrs. Dilling reiterates, one of the co-authors of "Soviet Russia in the Second Decade." What was misread as a denial of this was his vehement repudiation of Mrs. Dilling's charge that the book is communist propaganda. James Warbasse did belong to the Teachers' Union in 1925. His denial was of present membership, although it appeared on the list as a statement that he had never belonged. Somewhere along the line, the first name of Helen Phelps Stokes was dropped out, so that Mrs. Dilling was able to make the cutting retort that no "Phelps Stokes" was listed in her book, "although he should have been."

For the rest, the list as we printed it is substantially accurate. Mrs. Dilling's disputations usually have some grain of truth behind them, although occasionally she protects herself by denying that she said something that is obviously implied. But her evidence of membership in an organization is often simply a signature on a petition circulated by the organization, her evidence of affiliation to an institution the announcement of a lecture to be delivered there informally or under independent auspices, and the like.

For her purposes, however, the list is quite correct enough, because it seems that in her mind all "reds" are the same. It appears to be impossible for her to realize that a person who would never deny holding beliefs she considers "radical" may with complete accuracy deny membership in, or any sympathy with, an organization she considers equally radical. We should have been much more interested in her reply, if indeed we thought Mrs. Dilling's convictions could have any logical basis, had it taken the form of an explanation of her position. Does she think, as the title and tone of her book imply, that persons of such completely different political beliefs as Fannie Hurst, Mahatma Gandhi, Mrs. Roosevelt and Earl Browder are working hand in glove toward some subversive goal? Can anyone really believe that all the persons she lists, varying from anarchists to the mildest sort of humanitarian liberal, are linked somehow into one coördinated network? Does Mrs. Dilling really believe that Rose Schneiderman of the Women's Trade Union League is, as the book says, "referred to among her associates as the "Red Rose of Anarchy"? It is this sort of thing that gives the wild and incredible tone to "The Red Network."

Mrs. Dilling spends only a small proportion of her retort on the description by Mr. Moore of herself and her book. She denies the accuracy of his account of her in general, and specifically denies that she met her husband after she left college, that he was then singing in an Episcopal Church choir, or that he was studying both law and engineering at night. She also says that her education, which Mr. Moore mentioned in connection with her description of John Dewey as "the man educated beyond his own intelligence," was not limited to three months of college. She does not deny the accuracy of Mr. Moore's description of her in action today. She does say that she is neither fascist nor anti-Semitic. The latter charge was not made in our article, although certain evidence was presented which might be so interpreted. Mr. Moore quoted her on fascism, saying that these were "strangely gentle words from one who presumably, as a good American, is opposed to such an alien doctrine as fascism." Mrs. Dilling scoffs at his comment. Here, in part, is the quotation Mr. Moore gave:

> It [fascism] is the only enemy feared by the Reds, because it is the only system which opposes militancy and puts down one dictatorship with another. . . . As the strength of Socialism-Communism increases, the chance to preserve Democracy decreases, until eventually Fascism becomes the only alternative to Socialism-Communism.

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In her reply Mrs. Dilling confuses the issue still further by saying that she is much opposed to fascism, which is produced by communism!

Much better evidence than even her own words, however, as to the ultimate political orientation of Mrs. Dilling, is to be found in past experience with the people who violently raised the Red scare in Germany, Poland, Italy and other European countries, and were willing to "save Europe from Bolshevism" at any cost. These people, too, extended their interpretation of "red" to mean anyone who was concerned with progressive measures of any sort. And these were the people who eventually staffed the fascist governments.

This is not to deny that Mrs. Dilling may actually think herself anti-fascist. One cannot easily set a limit to the possibilities of the mind which produced "The Red Network"; there is no knowing what she may think. And, as that astute politician, the late Huey Long, once said, when asked if in his opinion we would have fascism in this country: "Sure. Only we'll call it anti-fascism."

A Turn in Spanish Fortunes?

FROM THE beginning of the Spanish war it has been clear that the rebels could win only by a superiority in airplanes, guns, trained troops and technical personnel, since with relatively small forces they were trying to overthrow a government supported by a majority of the population, including workers and peasants willing to die rather than submit to their former oppressors. With the Moroccan foreign legion, Moors and most of the officer class, General Franco's command at first expected a quick victory, but soon discovered that it needed more instruments of war than it had when it started. These were forthcoming from Germany and Italy, while the government was unable to purchase what it needed from supposedly friendly powers like France and Great Britain. The international non-intervention agreement followed. This, as reported from numerous reliable sources, was consistently violated by shipments to the rebels through Portugal, which, on the western border of Spain, became their base.

This situation looked for a while ready-made for a rebel victory. Their army had a clear superiority in munitions and was getting more. It advanced slowly but steadily, finally drawing a nearly complete circle about Madrid and commanding the last railway connection with the capital's food resources. The international maneuvering had permitted the fascist powers to supply their Spanish allies, while the democratic nations and Russia, for the sake of international peace, were in effect starving the loyalists into submission.

At this point came the Soviet Union's charge that the non-intervention pact was being violated and her threat to withdraw if violations continued. The British government, as the most influential member of the Committee of Control, delayed action because of a reluctance to permit open intervention that might lead to European war. It looked for a few days as if the Soviet action would not be effectual in time to save the Spanish government. The accused powers vigorously denied the accusation, and reversed the charges. Even the British delegate on the committee backed these denials and declared that the Soviet government itself had shipped arms —an assertion which in turn was denied. Meanwhile the Portuguese government made its denial ridiculous by withdrawing recognition from Madrid as if to prepare for more help to the rebels, while Mussolini and Hitler moved to recognize General Franco, apparently in preparation for openly taking his part when the Soviet Union should denounce the agreement.

At this juncture an unexpected turn of events took place. The Soviet government, instead of withdrawing from the non-intervention pact, made an ambiguous statement that it would not consider itself more closely bound by the agreement than others were. Apparently the flow of supplies to the rebels was temporarily interrupted, in order to support the British government's assertion of the good faith of the signatories. But the Madrid armies received and put into the field a number of modern airplanes and tanks, with which they proceeded enthusiastically to drive the rebels back and destroy some of their equipment. These new resources probably came from the United States by way of what the Madrid authorities called "a friendly government"—was it Mexico? Meanwhile it was reported that Soviet vessels had cleared for Spain laden with more munitions. For the moment it appears that the loyalists are more nearly equal to the rebels in equipment, or are perhaps even better supplied. The tide of battle may have turned.

The meaning of all this seems to be that the fascists have been outwitted. Under cover of the verbiage stirred up by the Soviet diplomatic maneuver, the Spanish government has been more adequately armed, while the flow of munitions to the rebels has been diminished, at least for the time being. Meanwhile the Soviet government has avoided responsibility for an open rupture of the non-intervention agreement. The shoe is now on the other foot. Three possibilities remain open, any one of them offering more hope to the loyalists than they have had. First, the agreement can continue technically in force as before, while the Committee of Control winks at violations. But since henceforth the fact of violation will be an open secret, munitions can flow to both sides. In any event, the loyalists can continue to receive shipments directly or indirectly from the United States, which is not covered by the agreement and has no legal power to declare an embargo. Second, the Committee of Control can adopt the Soviet proposal of an iron-clad enforcement of the agreement by the British and French navies—a proposal first made in England itself by The London Economist before the Soviet

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delegate officially took it up. This would now embarrass the rebels as much as the loyalists, if not more. Or, third, the fascist powers themselves can take the responsibility for denouncing the agreement, in which case the nearest sources of aid—those in France and Great Britain—would automatically be opened to the loyalists; the Soviet Union's distance from the scene and her isolation would no longer be a weakness. It is unlikely that such action would now lead to a general war, since the Spanish prize is not rich enough to move either Italy or Germany to challenge the other great powers outside the Iberian Peninsula.

More Trouble on the Waterfront

THERE is trouble on the waterfront again. About 40,000 members of seven maritime unions have gone on strike along the Pacific Coast, tying up more than 150 vessels. Sympathetic strikes have also been voted along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico, despite desperate efforts by the old-line officials of the seamen's union to prevent the walkout or a least to confine it to intercoastal vessels. In New York City, more than a thousand men responded to the call of the rank-and-file leader Joseph Curran, who some time ago was expelled from the union. Under his direction, these men voted to strike all the American ships they could, regardless of destination. They voted in the dark, in a hall from which Curran had, earlier in the evening, been excluded; presumably, putting out the lights was part of the attempt of the union's official "leaders" to keep the men in line.

The dispute on the Pacific Coast has been brewing for months. The unions charge that the employers have been systematically violating the terms of the agreement obtained in 1934 through a struggle that grew into a general strike in San Francisco. The workers say that the shipowners have sought complete control of the longshoremen's "hiring halls," by means of which they could easily discriminate against active union leaders and thus in time break the organization. The unions are asking continued joint control of the hiring halls, cash instead of time off for overtime at sea and no "speed up" of the longshoremen under which employers can dictate an unreasonable amount of work per hour or per day. The unions have offered to arbitrate under government auspices, but the shipowners refuse to enter any negotiations until the strike, the workers' only effective weapon, has been called off. The government is making strenuous efforts to settle the strike, both through the Department of Labor and the newly created United States Maritime Commission, but as we go to press these efforts have been unsuccessful.

All the old familiar clichés are being dragged out in connection with the strike. The owners say in effect that if the men will but trust them, and not resort to striking, they can be relied upon to deal fairly with their workers, even though they haven't done so during weary months of negotiations, just concluded. Everyone who is familiar with the history of labor knows that at least 99 percent of the gains that have been made since the times when men, women and children were forced to work fifteen hours a day under appalling conditions have been obtained directly or indirectly by labor's own power. We are being told as well that the strike is bad because it may cause hardship to the public, the innocent bystander. But this is no reason why workers in essential industries should be forced to give up tamely and accept whatever conditions are laid down for them by employers. The community as a whole is never well served when one section of it is seriously disadvantaged. The theory that the country consists of two separate classes of workers and consumers is not true. All workers are consumers, and the overwhelming majority of all consumers are workers. The interest of the workers as consumers is by no means superior to their interests as producers.

The chief immediate lesson from the strike is that the shipowners of the Pacific Coast are still an "unreconstructed" anti-union element. They accepted the compromise of two years ago under pressure of the general strike and of active government intervention. What they would like above anything else would be to smash the unions entirely and return to open-shop conditions, with sailors and longshoremen living the sort of life they were forced to live thirty years ago. If another compromise is accepted, it will again result partly from government pressure but overwhelmingly from the strength of labor acting on its own behalf. There was never a better demonstration of the importance of a federal government pledged to the support of genuine collective bargaining. There was never a better demonstration, also, that in the long run labor, under the conditions existing in this country, can only hope for substantial gains through the preservation of its own strength.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1936, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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Spanish Improvisation

IT IS like beating through a flaming jungle of reality to a somber and half-remembered dream, to try to write now about the sources of Spanish impulse and the Spanish character. I know, or thought I knew, that traditions, rituals, mysticisms of life, action and death, tempers and conditions of class, the scales and themes of song, the imagery of a landscape, hunger, lust—all of them have fashioned the mind of the man shouting in the next room. But he is yelling madly at the company commander to know just why he has to stand in God's sluice of a cursed trench with no morsel of a little blanket round his Cross-burdened shoulders and why . . . and indeed, not poetry; not even the terrible poetry I feel around me now, but blankets and bullets are the realities I think of: I mean, I am like this shouting man.

I must write the way this struggle goes—begin with an improvisation and hope to organize it into shape. "The Spanish nation is individualist; you will never win it to your party," I have been told again and again by those who "know Spain," or at least have certainly heard "The Three-Cornered Hat," and imagine nationalism to be the love of a balanced budget and who crown this spiritual glory in believing Property, or the extended payment system, to be the essence of Individuality.

I hear a man singing now and from his song I believe I can get near him. Here, in Spain, the song is also a dance. We sing and dance the Jota, the word stands for music and step, the *danza prima* of Asturias, the Catalan *sardana* and the great dances and song rhythms of the *cante hondo* of Andalucia also. Music, so near to thought, to brooding, to feeling, is action also. And the music is of the individual or of the small group, to be sung. (We rarely sing in chorus and the Welsh tradition of harmony does not exist.) The themes of the song—war, yes, and love, but these are so often the creation of poets. I know many Jotas for instance, that sing and dance the pride and glory of Spain. But the nation is too big a concept. There are songs about a mountain region, about a district, but that is too broad also. You have no songs in your American folklore glorifying Connecticut or Detroit and there are scores, no hundreds, of such songs here. The town is too general also and we have songs praising Triana, the working-class quarter of Sevilla (thousands of its people now dead), praising this *manzana,* this block of houses! "O little Calle de las Rosas, O little Street of Roses, most fragrant of all routes of the world," a man may suddenly shout, pulling at the guitar strings, the wineflask on the doorstep where he sits. The street also, that is a vague concept, not particular enough and I have heard songs about the fountain at the corner by the shoemaker's shop, or the bridge at the bend of the street. I know an Asturian *danza prima* which begins, "The parson's house is looking prettier than ever in its new paint."

You begin to touch Spanish individualism in these songs, its particularism, its love for the habitation and the name rather than the airy nothing. In hate or derision also. There are fine tales of hate between region and region, between industrious Catalunya and Castilla the Lazy. Last year I was sitting at the well outside my house in Tossa, writing into "The Olive Field" such a tale which had just been told me by my friend Esteban Pujols the sardiner. "Jesus Christ was passing through a town in Gallilee and he saw a man sick of the palsy. And Jesus said, 'Arise friend, take up thy bed and walk' and the man replied in perfect Castilian, 'Thank you, Lord, but I am quite all right where I am.' " Within a minute Esteban told me a better story against Lloret, the neighboring village, and my work had to be undone. I know an Andaluz song which derides the other half of the village thus: "Santa Maria thinks the world would come to an end if tomatoes failed" (its principal crop). There are couplets against the town council, against the miller, the muleteer, and even against the mayor's daughter, which are sung as popular songs.

I have heard a man sing repeatedly, while gathering figs, and to a tune which would never be used for anything else: "There are three of them, Joan, his wife and their daughter Chastity, but I and my son have picked more than they." There are songs for picking olives, pressing olives, reaping wheat, treading it out, winnowing it, every stage of the ritual of the fields, not confused or transposed to another task. The mind of the Spaniard is concrete and particular, one begins to see. It is the same with the songs written by poets for the people. Rodriguez Marin quotes as example an "art" song: "O little bird which flies through these worlds of God, tell me if you have seen a being more sad than I." In the mouth of the people it has become "a man more put upon or unfortunate than I." *Triste,* sad, that is a vague and unplebeian state and a "being" never wipes away his sweat or stinks of garlic.

This is individualism I respect, though tentatively I think it may be one of the spiritual sources of Spanish political anarchism, which is the tragedy of revolutionary Spain. I remember years ago receiving an indignant letter from my friend Bazhanov in Ivanovosnozhenck. I had asked him for Russian ploughing songs and had sent him one from Spain. "There's sun boring a hole through the spine of the man who sings that," he said of my song. "He's got a shriveled belly and he despairs; to hell with ploughing songs like this, we must make new ones."

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Bazhanov only knew that one despairing song; the memory comes to me as confirmation of what I have written.

It has often been said that to understand Spain, especially southern Spain, one must understand its idea of Death. This, I feel, has no meaning. One has recently seen an English novelist spend a whole book in dispersing a reputation solely because he has tried to *speculate* about Death. Dying is another matter; the Spaniard understands that. So far as the Spaniard thinks of Death he accepts either the Catholic position, or the anarchist position; it is far more fruitful to see how despair works in him. Again that can be seen in his song, in the *cante hondo* of Andalucia. *Cante hondo* means "song of the depths," and it means it in a double sense. It is the song of the depths of society, the outcast, the defeated bohemian, the broken criminal, the prisoner and the prostitute. And it is the song of the despairing lover and at times of the destitute worker. *Cante hondo* is for the dance again, a dance often of physical desire, its fire and its languors, its violence and its sudden boredom. "Savagely and with violent alternations," Falla marks one of his Andaluz pieces. Listen to the idiom of *cante hondo*. Ay! Ay! . . . the first high notes, piercing and metallic forced out, the neck swelling, the eyes closed, the belly pressed in, until the body trembles, as if the spirit were squeezing out its child. Then the down-sinking, trailing, lingering struggling-to-rise but ever defeated cadence. The music is a song of the depths that can never be illuminated except by this bitter, terrible music. Rebellion, savage and ruthless, sinking almost at once into submissive despair, that is the character of these melodies. And loneliness; the very name of one of the types is *Soléa,* solitude, the individual amid the harshness of the world.

These are qualities to be found in the folksong of other parts of Spain. The Arabic origin of and Moorish influence upon Spanish music has been debated endlessly. Even in Castilla, the martial, proud, puritan land, there is often an accent in the music. I have used the most starkly despairing of all songs in "The Olive Field," though the invariable comment on it is "how mystical"—"how profoundly realistic."

It is both and more, but then, I am helped by my remembrance of the first time I heard it sung. Years ago, when the dictatorship was still in existence, I was traveling on foot through Spain, going by the great *cordilleras* to escape the suffocating heat of that summer. I stayed one night in the *venta* of Navalonguilla, a starving village of the Avila province. All of us in that miserable inn ate out of a common bowl, scraps of offal-like meat cooked in rancid oil. We passed round a common loaf and we drank thick black wine strong as a drug from a common jug. There was one man, who rarely spoke, and who from time to time touched a shotgun standing behind him. He had a head like a brown skull, there was no flesh on his body, his hands were like the footworn roots of a tree when it rises through the soil of a path. In his small eyes one could see the hatred and despair of endless hunger. I knew what wages they earned in that region, never more than two and a half pesetas a day, while a little to the north in Salamanca they were earning one and a half a day. A land of vast bare hills, with desolate, ravined steppe below, and over it the night of reaction. We sat opposite each other, the ploughman and I, beneath the gap in the roof which served as chimney, and the smoke hazed the stars we saw in looking up, or drifted back into the kitchen and brought tears into our eyes. I felt as if I were sitting with death, I could not look him in the face because of the despair in it.

It was that man who sang "I shall sing the plough and all its parts," and he went on, "And I shall tell forth the mysteries of Christ's Passion." I have never attempted to translate that song with care because the very coupling of those two symbols of pain, the riving plough and the Passion, is too profound in itself to need the dressing of ordered words. But there is a blackness in the song that often I shrink from; I felt it as the song was thrust out of the thin-lipped hole in that sun-cracked skull. The plough that should have been fruitful, that tears the earth as birth tears the flesh of woman, had brought him nothing but starvation. He will sing the plough, and the parts of it, which are also mysteries and which can be named beside the Passion of Christ. He lived in despair of his plough and he coupled it with the Passion. Can any night of the soul be so black to a Christian man as that singing disclosed? Defeated things, useless things, the plough that does not yield and the passion that has no salvation.

Do not talk to me of his piety, nor of his faith. I know the significance of the song; is there any other land in the world where the life of the tiller could be compared with Gethsemane? Perhaps only where the ruinous blight of this "Spanish tradition" has touched.

The ploughman at Navalonguilla, I happen to know, was a revolutionary. That night he took hold of the shotgun and swore he would give his life to exterminate, he used that verb, the men who owned those lands. Navalonguilla is on the other side of these defense lines, across the white crest of the Gredos hills. I suppose he is dead now, because he would certainly have tried to defend the Republic, with a shotgun, against these Caproni and Junkers which nightly raid us.

The Spaniard in his song discloses his love of the concrete, his individualism, his violence and despair. Few have occupied themselves with the paradox that a race of fierce individualists should have chosen to submit itself to a church so authoritarian and absolute as the Catholic Church. I am putting on one side all explanations derived from Marxist or other theories of history. I know that the Abso-

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lute Monarchy was almost the very work of the Church, that with the destruction of the power of the aristocracy and such organisms as the Mesta by the monarchy, the Church itself was advanced. More profoundly, I know that in an agrarian society where the tool is static and the order of class rigid (the Roman plough is still in use, the *cornal* yoke is still lashed to the horns of oxen), ideas will be static. I know also that the hierarchy of the Church exactly corresponds to the hierarchy of an agrarian society and that they therefore support each other. I grant all that and I know also that the Catholic faith is itself concrete. There are precise routes to salvation, sacraments, rites, detached beliefs and optional forms of piety. One may worship the whole Christ, or the heart of Christ, safely invoke the Trinity or devote oneself to the latest canonized product of piety and constipation. All that is Spanish enough; it is utterly inconceivable that Protestantism should ever become the religion of more than a handful of Spaniards. Just as it is impossible that Catholicism should ever be the religion of a majority of Spaniards. A nation of such passionate individualists could never accept this Church forever. Let there be no mistake.

The election of February gave, I think, about 45 percent of votes to the Popular Front. It is safe to say that of that 45 percent at least three-quarters would be non-Catholics, agnostics, more probably seventh-eighths of them. Another 30 percent of votes went to Center parties, of whom a part will be anti-clericals. The main drive of the Right is ultimately its hope of destroying the land reform, the size of its vote cannot be taken to indicate the number of pure believers. Or to begin from another end, the anarcho-syndicalist union, the C.N.T., now has about two and a half million members. In Catalunya 90 percent of workers belong to it. Can you believe these are Catholics? Put beside them the actual numbers of the Catalan Esquerra, the Communist Party, the Dissident Communist Party, the Socialist Party and it becomes apparent that an enormous part of the population of Spain is lost to the Church; especially in the industrial areas. I think it safe to say that the country is evenly divided between the Church and unbelief and that unbelief is principally the condition of the workers. Religion, in other words, is a matter of class.

What has this to do with the character of the present struggle? I think that the Spanish people, already prone to swing between rebellion and submission in the matter of belief, has only the alternatives of an authoritarian Church and spiritual as well as political anarchism. I do not want to attack political anarchism again; I repeat what I have said elsewhere, the only hope for Spain is that at last its working class, inevitably revolutionary, will come under the guidance of a party with a philosophy that itself is a solvent of beliefs (I use the word "solvent" as one applies it to the Thomistic philosophy), a political doctrine that is capable of constant adaptation, a concrete temper and a discipline with which to control tactics at critical times. I dread anarchism, while I am amazed at the almost supernatural courage of its followers. It does not believe in government, discipline or in organization. It calls these tyranny, submission and deathly rigidity.

The spiritual nihilism of unbelieving Spain provides no foundation for either an urbane democracy or a revolutionary reconstruction of life. As the love of a Spaniard for his land fastens upon his street and its bridge, so the political mind of a Spaniard, once having thrown off the Church, and the limited political creed of that Church, rapidly splits up parties and traditions which elsewhere in Europe have been stable and fruitful. Her intellectuals, men often of exemplary character, have repeatedly divided among themselves. Liberalism has had innumerable variants, as socialism has and even communism. So that the intellectuals, while denying it, have contributed to a *Leyenda Negra,* the Black Legend of an invertebrate Spain. The ruling forces have not known how to put the buffer of liberalism and effective reform between insurrection and reactionary tyranny.

This then is how I see the Spanish tragedy. A nation whose character itself disposes it to alternate between violent rebellion and despairing submission, and which exists in embittering poverty, has been provided with an authoritarian Church, which has allied itself with reaction. The result is that the revolutionary masses fly apart under the action of centrifugal force, the future is never born. I do not want to enter into political discussion but I must try to illustrate what I mean.

The root cause of the present fascist rebellion is the land reform of 1932. The February government was the first to be able to implement that very conservative reform (which might conceivably have achieved its intended aim of creating a contented peasant class and thus providing the basis for an agrarian Catholicism). It was therefore attacked by the landowning officer class and the Catholic parties, for this revolution which has been thrust upon us is their work. Yet had there existed any real unity and correct revolutionary theory among the working class, that reform of 1932 itself would have been unnecessary. The country should have been swept by an agrarian revolution in 1931, and then, with the land hunger of the peasants satisfied and the government protected by them, there would have been time to proceed methodically with the reform of the Church and education. Alas, the division of revolutionary forces forbade it.

What is the hope for the future? It depends on this one-sided war, of course. Nevertheless we shall win that in the end, despite international fascism. The communism of the party will need sympathetic tempering if it is to suit this nation, and the increasing readiness of the best syndicalist elements to work with other parties may help that. If only some revolutionary appeasement could be made, Spain might gain time for the steadying of her nerves and

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temper. It may be said that this is a stupendous hope, an impossibility. I know that it is not half so stupendous an effort of belief as to believe that the Spanish Church, the Spanish army, the landowners and their politicians, the corrupt and spiritually miserable cliques of Spanish reaction will ever succeed in tranquilizing this agonized land. If they themselves had any belief in their mission would they have brought in these hordes of Moors, awaiting now across our trenches, to sack and murder and rape us into belief?

Madrid. RALPH BATES.

Homage to Hemingway

ERNEST HEMINGWAY had the chance to become the spokesman of the war generation, or, more particularly, he came to be regarded as the spokesman of that generation by those who had not, in their own persons, known the experience of war. The phrase which he had culled from one of his many conversations with Gertrude Stein and printed opposite the title page of "The Sun Also Rises"—"You are all a lost generation"—was destined to *faire fortune*. And to this he appended another quotation from the aged and charming cynic of Ecclesiastes, which not only pointed the title of his book, but linked its own disillusionment with another so old and remote in time as to seem a permanent proclamation of the vanity of things.

His own generation admired him, but could also appraise how special his experience had been. It was a still younger generation, those who were schoolboys at the time of the War, who were infatuated with him. Hemingway not only supplied them with the adventures they had missed; he offered them an attitude with which to meet the disorders of the post-war decade. It was they who accepted the Hemingway legend and by their acceptance gave it a reality it had not had.

It is as one who dictated the emotions to contemporary youth that Hemingway has been compared to Lord Byron. The comparison is in many ways an apt one. The years of Byron's fame were not unlike the decade after the last war. The hopes raised by the French Revolution had then been frustrated and all possibilities of action were being rapidly destroyed by those in power. In the 1920's, the disintegration of the social fabric which began before the War became apparent to almost anyone. Here and there were new faces in politics, but Hemingway, who had worked on a Midwestern paper in his youth, gone abroad shortly after the War as correspondent to a Canadian newspaper, come into contact with the literary diplomats at the Quai d'Orsay, followed the French troops of M. Poincaré into the Ruhr, known Mussolini when he too was a journalist, seen war and government from both sides in the Turkish-Greek conflict, was not likely to rate the new gangsters above the old gangs. It should have been obvious to a disinterested observer in 1922 that there was no longer much prospect of immediate revolution in the countries of Europe. It was in 1922 that Hemingway seriously began his career as a writer.

He was to become, like Byron, a legend while he was still in his twenties. But when I first met him in the summer of 1922 there could be no possibility of a legend. I had just come abroad and calling on Ezra Pound had asked him about American writers of talent then in Paris. Pound's answer was a taxi, which carried us with decrepit rapidity across the Left Bank, through the steep streets rising toward Mont Saint Geneviève, and brought us to the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine. There we climbed four flights of stairs to find Ernest Hemingway. He had then published nothing except his newspaper work, none of which I have ever seen; so that my impressions could be only personal. From that time until 1930 I saw Hemingway fairly constantly. Since then he has retired to Florida, and I have seen him but once. Any later impressions I have are gathered entirely from his books. I say this to make clear what I shall have to say about the legendary figure.

Hemingway, as he then appeared to me, had many of the faults of the artist, some, such as vanity, to an exaggerated degree. But these are faults which from long custom I easily tolerate. And in his case they were compensated for by extraordinary literary virtues. He was instinctively intelligent, disinterested, and not given to talking nonsense. Toward his craft, he was humble, and had, moreover, the most complete literary integrity it has ever been my lot to encounter. I say the most complete, for while I have known others who were not to be corrupted, none of them was presented with the opportunities for corruption that assailed Hemingway. His was that innate and genial honesty which is the very chastity of talent; he knew that to be preserved it must constantly be protected. He could not be bought. I happened to be with him on the day he turned down an offer from one of Mr. Hearst's editors, which, had he accepted it, would have supported him handsomely for years. He was at the time living back of the Montparnasse cemetery, over the studio of a friend, in a room small and bare except for a bed and table, and buying his midday meal for five sous from street vendors of fried potatoes.

The relation of a living writer to his legend may become curiously complicated. If we take the ac-

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count that Mr. Peter Quennel has recently given us in "Byron: the Years of Fame," it would seem that superficially the poet had at twenty-two only a very slight resemblance to the picture which the public presently began to compose of him. On the contrary, he seemed to his friends a personable, gay young man, an excellent drinking companion; there was, of course, the limp; and he had, as they may not have known, the consciousness of a bad heredity. Childe Harold was made of emotions only latent in Byron. It was a corollary of his fame that the poet should be identified with Childe Harold in the minds of his admirers. But it was not long before in his own imagination he became Childe Harold. And presently Lord Byron is committing incest with his sister. His conscience required that he complete the fiction by a private action. Byron's public stood as panders beside Augusta's bed.

In attempting to say what has happened to Hemingway, I might suggest that, for one thing, he has become the legendary Hemingway. He appears to have turned into a composite of all those photographs he has been sending out for years: sunburned from snows, on skis; in fishing get-up, burned dark from the hot Caribbean; the handsome, stalwart hunter crouched smiling over the carcass of some dead beast. Such a man could not have written Hemingway's early books; he might have written most of "Green Hills of Africa." He is proud to have killed the great kudu. It is hard not to wonder whether he has not, hunting, brought down an even greater victim.

Byron's legend is sinister and romantic, Hemingway's manly and low-brow. One thing is certain. That last book is hard-boiled. If that word is to mean anything, it must mean indifference to suffering and, since we are what we are, can but signify a callousness to others' pain. When I say that the young Hemingway was among the tenderest of mortals, I do not speak out of private knowledge, but from the evidence of his writings. He could be, as any artist must in this world, if he is to get his work done, ruthless. He wrote courageously, but out of pity; having been hurt, and badly hurt, he could understand the pain of others. His heart was worn, as was the fashion of the times, up his sleeve and not on it. It was always there and his best tricks were won with it. Now, according to the little preface to "Green Hills of Africa," he seems to think that having discarded that half-concealed card, he plays more honestly. He does not. For with the heart the innate honesty of the artist is gone. And he loses the game.

II

The problem of style is always a primary one, for to each generation it is presented anew. It is desirable, certainly, that literature reflect the common speech; it is even more necessary that it set forth a changed sensibility, since that is the only living change from one generation to another. But to an American who, like Hemingway, was learning the craft of prose in the years that followed the War, that problem was present in a somewhat special way. He must achieve a style that could record an American experience, and neither falsify the world without nor betray the world within.

How difficult that might be, he could see from his immediate predecessors; they had not much else to teach. On the one side there was Mr. Hergesheimer, whose style falsified every fact he touched. On the other was Mr. Dreiser, a worthy, lumbering workman who could deliver the facts of American existence, all of them, without selection, as a drayman might deliver trunks. Where, then, to start? To anyone who felt there was an American tradition to be carried on, there was but one writer who was on the right track: Sherwood Anderson. When he was in his stride, there was no doubt about it, he was good. The trouble with Anderson was there was never any telling just how long he could keep up his pace. He had a bad way of stumbling. And when he stumbled he fell flat.

So did Mark Twain, who loomed out of the American past. All authentic American writing, Hemingway has said, stems from one book: "Huckleberry Finn." How much he was prepared to learn from it may be ascertained by comparing the progress of the boys' raft down the Mississippi with the journey of Jake and his friend from France to Spain in "The Sun Also Rises." Mark Twain is the one literary ancestor whom Hemingway has openly acknowledged; but what neither he, nor Sherwood Anderson, who was Hemingway's first master, could supply was a training in discipline.

It was here that chance served. But it was a chance from which Hemingway carefully profited. There was one school which for discipline surpassed all others: that of Flaubert. It still had many living proponents, but none more passionate than Ezra Pound. In Paris, Hemingway submitted much of his apprentice work in fiction to Pound. It came back to him blue-penciled, most of the adjectives gone. The comments were unsparing. Writing for a newspaper was not at all the same as writing for a poet.

Pound was not the young American's only critical instructor. If Hemingway went often to 70, bis, Rue Nôtre Dame des Champs, he was presently to be found also at 12, Rue de Fleurus. There he submitted his writings to the formidable scrutiny of Gertrude Stein. It was of this period that Hemingway said to me later: "Ezra was right half the time, and when he was wrong, he was so wrong you were never in any doubt about it. Gertrude was always right."

What she taught Hemingway must be in part left to conjecture. Like Pound, she undoubtedly did much for him simply by telling him what he must not do, for a young writer perhaps the most valuable aid he can receive. More positively, it was from her prose he learned to employ the repetitions of American speech without monotony. (I say this

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quite aware that Miss Stein's repetitions are monotonous in the extreme.) She also taught him how to adapt its sentence structure, inciting in him a desire to do what Hemingway calls "loosening up the language." She did not teach him dialogue. The Hemingway dialogue is pure invention. He does not talk like his characters and neither does Miss Stein. And it was not until they had read Hemingway's books that the two ladies of the Rue de Fleurus acquired those dramatic tricks of speech.

They are brilliant. But they have deafened Hemingway to the way people talk. In "The Sun Also Rises," each of the characters has his own particular speech, but by the time we reach "Death in the Afternoon" and the extraordinary conversations with the Old Lady, there is no longer even the illusion that there is more than one way of talking. It is a formula, in that book employed with great dexterity and no small power; but it is dramatic only in words; in terms of character it is not dramatic at all.

There is no space here to appraise Hemingway's style with accuracy. It is enough to say that, as no one before him had done, he made Midwestern speech into a prose, living and alert, capable of saying at all times exactly what he wanted it to say. It is no longer the lean unlovely thing it was. Just as Eliot, in such a poem as "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," had shown how by controlling the sound apart from the sense the most prosaic statements could be turned to poetry, Hemingway made this American speech into prose by endowing it with a beauty of accurate motion. It is changed, as a gawky boy may change in a few years to an accomplished athlete; its identity is not destroyed. And here I am reminded of a remark of Hemingway's that it was Napoleon who taught Stendhal how to write. It may be that more than one of the best qualities of this prose was acquired from a careful watching of Spanish bullfighters.

III

> We were in the garden at Mons. Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited until he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down in the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that.

It is easy to see how a story like this could convey the impression that Hemingway is indifferent alike to cruelty and suffering. And yet this tale is a precise record of emotion. What we have here is not callousness, but the Flaubertian discipline carried to a point Flaubert never knew—just as in the late war military control was brought to such perfection that dumb cowed civilians in uniform, who cared nothing for fighting and little for the issues of battle, could be held to positions that the professional soldiers of the nineteenth century would have abandoned without the slightest shame. Flaubert describing an incident, despite his pretending to be aloof, or even absent throughout, is continually intent on keeping his emotions implicit within the scene. The reader is never left in the slightest doubt as to what he is supposed to feel from the fiction. But in this account of the Germans coming over the wall and being shot, one by one, all emotion is kept out, unless it is the completely inadequate surprise of the victims. The men who kill feel nothing. And yet what Hemingway was doing in the summer of 1922, lying on a bed in a room where the old Verlaine had once had lodging, was first remembering that he had been moved, and then trying to find out what had happened to cause the emotion. It is the bare happening that is set down, and only the happening that must arouse in the reader whatever emotion he is capable of according to his nature, pity, horror, disgust.

But this was a point beyond which Hemingway himself could not go. And in the stories that follow the first little volume, published in Paris and called "In Our Time," he is almost always present in one guise or another. That is not to say, as might be assumed, that these stories are necessarily autobiographical. Wounded in the War, Hemingway was a very apprehensive young man. Indeed, his imagination could hardly be said to exist apart from his apprehension. I should not call this fear. And yet he could hardly hear of something untoward happening to another that he did not instantly, and without thought, attach this event to himself, or to the woman he loved. The narration is still remarkably pure. But there is always someone subject to the action.

For this is another distinction. In Flaubert, people are always planning things that somehow fail to come off—love affairs, assignations, revolutions, schemes for universal knowledge. But in Hemingway, men and women do not plan; it is to them that things happen. In the telling phrase of Wyndham Lewis, the "I" in Hemingway's stories is "the man that things are done to." Flaubert already represents a deterioration of the romantic will, in which both Stendhal and Byron, with the prodigious example of Napoleon before them, could not but believe. Waterloo might come, but before the last battle there was still time for a vast, however destructive, accomplishment of the will. Flaubert had before him Louis Philippe, whose green umbrella and thrifty bourgeois mind would not save him from flight, Louis Napoleon, whose plans were always going astray. But even Sedan was a better end than Woodrow Wilson had, with his paralytic chair and his closed room on a side street in Washington. And in Hemingway, the will is lost to action. There are actions, no lack of them, but, as when the American lieutenant shoots the sergeant in "A Farewell to Arms," they have only the significance of chance. Their violence does not make up for their futility. They may be, as this casual murder is, shocking;

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they are not incredible; but they are quite without meaning. There is no destiny but death.

It is because they have no will and not because they are without intelligence that the men and women in Hemingway are devoid of spiritual being. Their world is one in time with the War and the following confusion, and is a world without traditional values. That loss has been consciously set down.

IV

It is the privilege of literature to propose its own formal solutions for problems which in life have none. In many of the early stories of Hemingway the dramatic choice is between death and a primitive sense of male honor. The nineteen-year-old Italian orderly in "A Simple Enquiry" is given to choose between acceding to his major's corrupt desires and being sent back to his platoon. Dishonor provides no escape, for in "The Killers" the old heavyweight prizefighter who has taken that course must at last lie in his room, trying to find the courage to go out and take what is coming to him from the two men who are also waiting in tight black overcoats, wearing gloves that leave no fingerprints. One can make a good end, or a bad end, and there are many deaths beside the final one. In "Hills Like White Elephants," love is dead no matter what the lovers decide. "I don't feel any way," the girl says. "I just know things." And what she knows is her own predicament.

The Spaniards stand apart, and particularly the bullfighters, not so much because they risk their lives in a spectacular way, with beauty and skill and discipline, but because as members of a race still largely, though unconsciously, savage, they retain the tragic sense of life. In "The Sun Also Rises," the young Romero, courteous, courageous, born knowing all the things that the others—wise-cracking Americans, upper-class British or intellectual Jews—will never learn, is a concentration of contrast. And yet the character in that novel who most nearly represents the author is aware, as soon as he has crossed the border back into France, that it is here that he belongs, in the contemporary world. He is comfortable only where all things have a value that can be expressed and paid for in paper money.

The best one can do is to desert the scene, as every man and woman must do sooner or later, to make, while the light is still in the eyes, a separate peace. And is this not just what Hemingway has done? Is there a further point to which he can retire than Key West? There he is still in political America, but on its uttermost island, no longer attached to his native continent.

His vision of life is one of perpetual annihilation. Since the will can do nothing against circumstance, choice is precluded; those things are good which the senses report good; and beyond their brief record there is only the remorseless devaluation of nature, which, like the vast blue flowing of the Gulf Stream beyond Havana, bears away of our great hopes, emotions and ambitions only a few and soon disintegrating trifles. Eternity—horribly to paraphrase Blake—is in love with the garbage of time.

What is there left? Of all man's activities, the work of art lasts longest. And in this morality there is little to be discerned beyond the discipline of the craft. This is what the French call the sense of the *métier* and their conduct in peace and war has shown that it may be a powerful impulse to the right action; if I am not mistaken, it is the main prop of French society. In "The Undefeated," the old bullfighter, corrupt though he is with age, makes a good and courageous end, and yet it is not so much courage that carries him as a proud professional skill. It is this discipline, which Flaubert acquired from the traditions of his people and which Pound transmitted to the young Hemingway, that now, as he approaches forty, alone sustains him. He has mastered his *métier* as has no American among his contemporaries. That is his pride and his distinction.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

This is the sixth of a series of literary revaluations. The seventh, by John Chamberlain, will discuss Theodore Dreiser.—THE EDITORS.

The People Upstairs

NOW THAT the Eskimos, Igorots, Australian bushmen, African pygmies and all of the other remote, strange peoples of the earth have been scouted, reported upon and furnished with Bibles, I think the time has come to give some attention to that weirdest of all tribes, The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above.

Your only acquaintance with them comes through the medium of unexplained, and often alarming, sounds. Sometimes you discover that the family in Apartment 5-B is from dear old Junction City in the home state, or the man in Apartment 4-H may turn out to be the lawyer who represented Brother Tom or Uncle Ned in that damage suit after his Ford was nudged by a street car, but The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above remain strangers whose goings-on defy reason. Perhaps more data would promote understanding and goodwill.

During the course of twenty years, the only important factual contribution about The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above that I have seen appeared on February 17, 1936, in The New York Times under a Los Angeles date line. The brief dispatch read as follows:

> For ten years Mrs. Frances Jebb has lived at 1036 West Washington Boulevard, and never complained to her landlord, but when another tenant, Richard Godfrey, 18, started taking a draft horse upstairs of an evening she called the police. When the officers arrived, Tuffie, a 350-pound midget draft horse, was enjoying all the comforts of a furnished apartment.

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"I've never let Tuffie out of my sight," the horse-fancier is reported to have explained.

That The New York Times should have had to reach all the way across the continent for this valuable bit of testimony is beyond my understanding. I have lived in New York City; I am certain that The-People-Who-Lived-in-the-Apartment-Above often harbored draft horses; I think they also had moose, mice, deer, neuroses, mayhem, psychoses and delirium tremens. One family certainly had nine cats. Another had six dogs. Another had seven cats. The nine-cat family was finally expelled because they raised cats for profit. The seven-cat family was allowed to remain. I don't know why.

This entire subject should be examined on a broad and scientific basis. Millions of American citizens spend their lives living dangerously in the apartment under The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above. Our scientists and explorers go too far afield. They raise their blood-pressure in the struggle against sleeping-sickness and leprosy, which assail very few of us, and overlook the mystery of the common cold—not to mention the insane laughter that, without audible cause, comes cascading down the ventilating shaft at midnight.

For example, I should like to know why the pair who live above me go to bed three, four, five and even six times every night. I am sure that they do this because I hear them pull out the lower drawer of the couch, thus turning it into a bed. The sound is unmistakable. They grab it first at one end and then at the other, worrying it out, inch by inch. Then they close it up and start over, sometimes immediately, sometimes after an interval of five minutes to half an hour.

They also own a bale of cotton that they drop on the floor about twice a week. The first time I heard it hit I thought the refrigerator must have fallen over. Or it could have been a large and tightly packed trunk, or a piano. But those guesses were based entirely on the weight of the object. Mature consideration, after the nerves had quieted, convinced me that the object was not of metal or hard wood, nor did it contain anything that crashed or shattered. The sound was a perfect dull thud, a dull thud that could not be improved upon, you could place it in the British Museum as definitive and final. There is only one object that will produce a dull thud of precisely such quality and volume; it is a bale of cotton dropped about three feet upon an ordinary floor. I still wonder how they manage to lift the bale of cotton back onto whatever it rests upon between thuds. A bale of cotton weighs 500 pounds. And why do they drop it; not to mention how do they drop it? If it is a signal, the sound doesn't travel far; they could do much better, I am sure, with a bugle by day and Roman candles by night.

I can usually tell when they have made up enough beds to retire for the night because they then open a window. They have their own peculiar technique for window-opening. One of them rushes at it, leaps into the air, and strikes the lower panel with both feet. While the wood is quivering the other attacks with tooth and claw. The obvious conclusion would be that they are about to jump, pursued by tongues of flame. But they never have jumped. Evidently they are under the impression that a window, unless overwhelmed, will fight back.

Sometimes they go in for sports during the long winter evenings. Each takes an article of furniture with little rollers under it, and they push these the length of the apartment and back again. At first I judged that they might be rearranging the furniture, but that is impossible unless all of the furniture is massed first at one end of the apartment and then at the other, and this constitutes the rearranging. There are no halfway stops. The destination of this furniture is always the same. Moreover, the pace at which it is propelled is appalling. If ever the brakes fail, they are going right through the thin brick wall into an adjoining household. After the race they must pick the furniture up in their arms and silently carry it back to its customary positions.

The race theory is supported by additional evidence that they are very healthy, sturdy and fond of athletics. Every morning they run, and run, and run. They sprint into the kitchen and put on the coffee pot, then tear back to the bathroom. But their running form is not good; the runner should be poised on the ball of the foot, not the heel. If they keep this up I predict a flock of Grade A bone bruises. They must be very hardy people or they'd have them now. To see them getting dressed must be a wonderful sight. I have to stand still, at least for a moment, to get into my pants; socks also slow me down. They never stop. I wonder how they manage to drink their coffee.

Saturday nights they always have guests in. Their favorite, I judge, is the one who does the solo dance. He seems to be regarded as a genius; they implore him to do it again. I have never seen this dance, of course, but I can give you an accurate description of it. The man has four feet; the two front ones are horse's hooves, shod; the two rear ones are medium-sized hams wrapped in burlap just as you see hams in the neighborhood grocer's shop. With this equipment the man prances around first slowly, then very fast. It sounds a good deal like Jacques Cartier dancing on a drum and I know it's good because the applause is ecstatic.

Every morning (except Sunday) The-People-Who-Live-in-the-Apartment-Above slam the door at half after eight o'clock and go galloping along the corridor toward the front door as though they were going to work. My guess as to the explanation of the whole thing is that they have been released on parole from some psychopathic ward and have to report daily, after which they return to the apartment, draw a tub of hot water, and fish for mountain trout.

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

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Some Friends of Spain in New York

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Isabella de Palencia is speaking, and the whole occasion is summed up in her, a woman with a gentle face, but weather-beaten and determined, with a calm voice, but one strong and clear. She is telling now of what the fighting has been like, as she has seen it; she talks simply and slowly. The huge oval of the Garden, with the cluster of bright lights over the speakers' platform at one focus and the rows fading away into semi-darkness, is solidly packed with people. It isn't like the crowd at last week's Rodeo (of which smells still linger), noisy and casual, but a serious and enthusiastic mass.

She is telling of the way the people beat down the uprising in the cities, when the regular army set up their machine guns on the streetcorners, and the people climbed into cars, eight or ten of them standing up in each one, and, six abreast, drove at the machine guns, wave after wave. She is telling of her son, a doctor now at the front, and how, driving through city streets, he guarded his patients from house-top snipers by lying over them. And of the way in which the peasants stopped the big guns from coming up into the Guadarrama mountains, by cutting down pine trees and blocking the roads; of the peasant women who feverishly built these barricades with their bare hands bleeding. Her voice breaks and the crowd is quiet waiting for her to go on. "I do not know," she says, "what miracle put strength into that wood, but the guns have not passed the barriers, and they will not pass."

The crowd murmurs, and, as she pauses, a fusillade of "Viva! Viva!" breaks out from the large portion of the audience that is Spanish. During the speech of Señor Domingo, in Spanish, there were two kinds of applause, first when he finished a phrase and again when Señora de Palencia had translated it.

His argument was a simple one. The Spanish Republic has a legal government, which has been attacked by certain minorities within the country. The government would have been perfectly capable of putting down the rebellion but for two things, the aid given the rebels by certain European countries, and the embargo placed against the legal government. The government now appeals for aid from all those who love democracy.

The legality of the government is stressed again and again, and chafes the crowd, which is largely radical, and not accustomed to pay much homage to a government merely because it is legal. They have known the law when it did not mean justice, and the best thing most of them would say for legality is that it is a tactical advantage.

Señora de Palencia is speaking now of what aid can be given, telling the crowd not to worry about the courage of the Spanish people, who are convinced that they will never be beaten. Do not worry about that. "They know how to fight, and they know how to die." It is like watching a slide being focused on a screen. At first it is just a blur, and you know generally what it is going to be, the fields and all that gray-yellow color they get toward summer's end. You watch the blur carelessly. Suddenly it comes up sharp, detailed, the hills fading into the distance behind the fields, and in the fields men lying, cheek to gunstock. You can almost hear the short snapping of rifle fire.

The crowd is roaring with enthusiasm when she finishes speaking, and Roger Baldwin really doesn't need to make a collection speech, though his nervous and energetic style is persuasive. The money is coming in before he stops talking. There are 20,000 people crowded into the Garden tonight, and Baldwin has asked for $20,000.

The curious thing about this meeting is not that there are 20,000 people in New York who want to help Spain—there are many more than that—but that Europe has been brought right here to us, it is felt to be so close, so immediate and urgent for us to help our friends, our close, dear friends, who are fighting for what we too prize so highly.

The Reverend Father Luis Sarasola speaks, after Dr. Harry F. Ward, the chairman, has made a short indignant speech about a slanderous leaflet that was distributed outside the Garden, saying that this priest was apostate. The little stern scholar then talks intensely, a brave man to be here, but he talks in Spanish and the translation is badly read.

At the end the collection is announced; they haven't finished counting, but so far it's $15,000. The next day we discover that it was $15,000 in cash and $10,000 in pledges. It has been a good meeting, and the crowd goes out full of enthusiasm, but many feel (for they called out so during the collection) that the money should be going for arms, instead of supplies.

JAMES BENET.

Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont

Soldiers in khaki with repeating guns;
Lives lost at Shiloh, lives lost at Vera Cruz,
At Chateau Thierry, in Nicaragua, and now
Backfire of motors, deploying of cannon and trucks,
Dust inside leggings, sweat over cheekbone and brow,
Blaze of the sun on Bethlehem iron and bronze,
Du Pont ordnance, the rancid smell of oil.
There!—watch the artillery quicken to take its curves,
Tense, unexcited, trying to keep its ranks,
Quick to advance and quicker to recoil,
Resilience of drivers and gunners in turrets of tanks!

Beating, marching, marching, beating, beating,
Defeated, defeating, advancing with tactical care,
Defeating, defeated, advancing, again retreating:
Whose are those faces? What is the burden they bear?
Suddenly ended! Why has it suddenly ended?
What will they do now? What is it they prepare?

J. V. HEALY.

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Washington Notes

The Campaign, the Election and Big Business—Business Men Split on the Issues—The Bankers Support Roosevelt

AS THESE lines are written, on the eve of the election, there seems no doubt of a Democratic victory. If this takes place, the result will seem to many people a great defeat for big business. The National Association of Manufacturers and the Liberty League—the two distinctive agencies of heavy industry—fought Mr. Roosevelt viciously. Coördinating their efforts with those of the Republican National Committee they used the radio networks, the movies and the mails in a vast campaign of misrepresentation and hate.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that even in the event of a Roosevelt victory those who are interested in a further program of social control ought to analyze the returns a little more closely. Does a Democratic success show that the political power of big business has been permanently, or even temporarily, broken? A recapitulation of the successive attitudes taken by big business during the campaign will throw a great deal of light on this question.

As far as big business is concerned, the campaign started about September, 1935. Congress had adjourned the previous month, in August, after the interminable, nerve-wracking struggle over the death-sentence clause of the holding-company bill. Mr. Roosevelt had very nearly been beaten by men of his own party under the command of Mr. John J. O'Connor, the House majority leader. The September poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion —which from the first was taken very solemnly by big-business figures—showed the country 50.5 percent in favor of Mr. Roosevelt, 49.5 percent against him. It also showed a sharp and steady drop in Mr. Roosevelt's popularity since the preceding spring. For the first time, big business began to hope that he might be cut off with one term.

Between September, 1935, and June of this year, a number of things happened to strengthen this hope. Senator Vandenberg scored heavily off Mr. Roosevelt in the defeat of the Florida ship canal and Passamaquoddy dam projects. In big-business eyes, this tended to show that Mr. Roosevelt was not the complete magician that he had been advertised. Another thing was the extraordinarily skillful build-up by the Kansas City Star group of Governor Landon, which made certain big business men feel they had stumbled on a strictly gilt-edged proposition. Finally, there was the continued success of Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin, both of whom seemed sure of cutting deeply into Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal constituency.

On the other side, however, was the undoubted fact that Mr. Roosevelt had behaved with great caginess during the congressional session. Except for the Florida canal and Passamaquoddy episodes, he had offered almost no points of attack, and had been as hard to lay hand on as a greased pig at a county fair. He had accepted the Supreme Court's invalidation of the A.A.A. without a murmur, and, in the soil-conservation and domestic-allotment act, had made a straightforward attempt to meet the Supreme Court's objections. He had refused to be drawn into an open espousal of the pure food and drug act, or the Bankhead farm-tenancy bill. There had been only one major piece of new legislation, the surplus-reserves tax bill, and here he had shown himself ready to accept almost any compromise. The total effect of the session had obviously been to recreate the image of Mr. Roosevelt as a national big brother, with affection for all and evil designs toward none. In Dr. Gallup's polls, which were being watched closely by big business, his popularity had climbed by the end of May to 55.8 percent.

With the opening of the national conventions in June, business opinion was split. A number of men still clung to their hopes of the previous September. They professed to believe that Mr. Roosevelt could be beaten, perhaps easily. They declined to admit that he had regained solid popular support. A second group was much more wary. Its members were inclined to think that the Republican Party ought to concentrate on increasing its congressional representation rather than make a wild try for the presidency. With a strong Republican opposition, they flattered themselves that the New Deal could be stopped in its tracks.

The split in big-business-Republican opinion last June will be attested to by every observer at the Cleveland convention. The second view—that Mr. Roosevelt probably could not be defeated, and that the Republicans ought to concentrate on the congressional campaign—was openly held by Mr. Charles D. Hilles, for example, and many other Eastern leaders. Immediately after Mr. Landon's nomination, however, a small miracle occurred. The Cleveland convention stirred up wholly unexpected enthusiasm among Republican workers. Thanks largely to his covered-wagon build-up, Mr. Landon had an extremely friendly reception from the country at large. In contrast, the Democratic convention at Philadelphia struck a sour note. The industrious Dr. Gallup reported a fresh shift in national sentiment, with Mr. Roosevelt's percentage dipping to 51.8, and Mr. Landon's rising to 48.2. A change of less than a million votes would give Mr. Landon the presidency.

A good half of big business still kept its fingers crossed, however. Public and private polls were scrutinized anxiously. When, by the middle of August, the hoped-for swing to Mr. Landon showed no signs of developing, the skeptics promptly and loudly said: "I told you so." Thereafter big business ceased to behave as a unit. The duPont family, the Pews and Pitcairns of Pennsylvania, the Balls of Indiana and a fair number of other industrial oligarchies continued to fight Mr. Roosevelt with great earnestness. But the remainder of big business, it is now apparent, executed a smart about-face.

Two events, particularly, gave a hint of what was happening. One was the meeting of the American Bankers' Association in Los Angeles. The final preparations for the meeting were made early in September, and at that time —according to subsequent reports—the big-city bankers informed their rural confrères that no word of criticism of Mr. Roosevelt was to be uttered, that Mr. Roosevelt was going to win, and that the bankers were not going to expose their necks. The second significant event was a two-column editorial in The New York Times, gravely advocating the reëlection of Mr. Roosevelt as "insurance

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against radicalism of the sort the United States has most to fear." Simultaneously, great cries of anguish were heard from Republican Chairman Hamilton, who had discovered that big-business contributions had unaccountably dried up.

If the forecasts are correct, and Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected, he receives no new powers. He will not have the right to demand the resignation of the Supreme Court reactionaries; there is no new amendment in the Constitution. Nothing has been done about control of the 200 corporations that own the bulk of the communal tools of production. Had big business put forth its utmost efforts, as it did under Mark Hanna in 1896, and then been licked, it might be humble. But the big business men do not feel that a Democratic victory means a repudiation of their control over industry. They are not humble and they won't be, and it would be a great mistake to think otherwise.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Dean Madden O.K.'s Cities Service—The Stock Market Looks for Business—Roosevelt and Taxes

AN OLD friend of this column is in again. It is Dr. John T. Madden, the distinguished dean of the School of Commerce of New York University. The Federal Trade Commission investigated the Cities Service Corporation. Among other things, the Commission brought to light the activities of the Cities Service Security Company. The charge in the report submitted to the Commission was that in 1927 and 1928 the Cities Service Security Company sold a huge amount of Cities Service stock to the public and used the Curb Exchange to make an artificial market and an artificial price for the stock. Under the impact of these operations the price was artificially run up from 11⅜ to 60 near the end of 1929. The Commission charged that practically 90 percent of the Curb trading was done by the Cities Service Security Company for the purpose of pushing up the stock price and unloading on the investing public at the rising prices.

As part of the case of the Cities Service Corporation, who should turn up as a witness for it but Dean Madden. The last time we saw him he was flourishing as managing director of the Institute of International Finance under the auspices of New York University, issuing bulletins giving information on issues of foreign bonds put out in this country. This all seemed helpful to the public, save that it lost a lot of money on some of the Institute's info. And that when the Pecora investigation got under way it turned out that funds for supporting the Institute were being supplied by the Investment Bankers' Association, whose members issued the bonds about which Dr. Madden's "Institute" was giving feed-box info to the public. The Pecora testimony showed that the Institute submitted proposed bulletins on foreign bond issues to the house of issue before publishing the bulletin. It all looked like a strange function for New York University.

What has happened to the Institute I do not know. But Dean Madden continues to flourish. For when the Cities Service is in trouble it goes to the Dean and submits the report of the Commission's investigators and asks for his opinion of its activities. And what do you suppose Dean Madden decided? He decided that the Cities Service was just fine; that what it had done was just dandy. And all this, I think, is very encouraging. It is a splendid thing to have these distinguished professors and deans about, to whom worthy big business can go and get a testimonial when it is needed. I should like to suggest, however, that the student of finance read Dean Madden's report to the Cities Service Corporation for use before the Commission. It is a revealing document.

Now stockholders of the Cities Service Security Company have sued it, and I think some of its directors, for the losses they suffered as a result of buying stock alleged to have been thus pushed out on them. One wonders if the good Dean is to be summoned as an expert witness. If he is, I would advise the economic faculties of our local colleges to attend the trial and listen to the Dean on the stand. They will get an illuminating lesson in finance.

Yes, happy days are here again. The good old stock market is looking pleasant. And in the mail to a friend comes a letter whispering: "If you would like to make a quick profit, sign the enclosure and mail without delay." The enclosure reads: "The Stock Market Service, New York, N. Y. Please advise me, and if I act upon your advice I will immediately advise you and I will give you twenty (20) percent of the profits I make."

The grand old opportunities are once again opening up for the public.

It is pleasant to see the election at an end. My chief reason is to be rid of campaign statistics. In his Worcester speech, where Mr. Roosevelt sought to justify his tax policy, he made some staggering statements.

First he said that while income taxes had been raised on the big fellows, incomes from $26,000 and under paid less taxes now than in 1932. Of course that is simply not true. Incomes from $5,000 to $26,000 have had their income taxes lowered by Mr. Roosevelt. But taxes on incomes under $5,000 have not been lowered. And these constitute about 90 percent of all income returns. Why the solicitude for the people with incomes from $5,000 to $26,000?

And then he made this amazing statement. "I inherited from the previous administration a tax structure which imposed . . . an unfair burden upon the average American by a long list of taxes upon purchases and consumption. In 1933, when we came into office, 58 cents out of every dollar of taxes came out of hidden taxes. *Leaving out of account* the liquor tax, we have reduced these indirect taxes to 38 cents out of every dollar."

As a matter of fact he has not repealed or reduced any of these taxes. They are greater than ever. The percentage is less merely because income-tax collections increased. The truth is that in 1929 the total of hidden taxes was 21 percent, in 1932 the total was 33 percent. But the taxes in 1933 were imposed by his own party, for they were passed by a Congress controlled by the Democrats. He did not inherit them. And these hidden taxes were 54 percent, not 58 percent. When he came into office he retained all those

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taxes and added more—the processing taxes and the liquor taxes—all of which are hidden taxes and are not to be left out, as he naïvely suggests. And in 1936 the percentage of hidden taxes was 60 percent, not 38 percent. That's his record. And they would be much higher if the Supreme Court had not knocked out about $800,000,000 of processing taxes.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Accepted with Pleasure

THOSE who are selling the French film "Les Miserables" to the American public are plugging the "challenge" angle; "France challenges comparison with the American version." While this is a very good way to sell the picture to the kind of trade it will be sold to, there are still going to be some of us who will take a piece of that dare money as fast as anyone will put it up. Just to start with, the old picture made the course in one hour, forty-nine minutes: the present one covers roughly the same material in (counting intermission) two hours, fifty minutes. Mention of material, however, brings us down to more fundamental and less irritating matters.

The story in both pictures is one of escape from the cruel past into a new life—kindness, esteem and love—and then the past catching up again, eluded and catching up again. The theme is Injustice, and How may the poor of the earth escape it? When I stand off and imagine the outline of it, the story of Jean Valjean is a strong, honest and lovely account of human fortitude and cheer, worthy of awe as having touched the hearts of millions. But in the book itself these simple virtues get overlaid with plot details and the battle of Waterloo; and so while a picture *might* go beyond the clutter of material, it cannot be held against either of these that they do not. Both of them rely on the establishment of character—by actor or incident—and on whatever jostle of action and splendor of setting the book makes available. And so we have two different types of approach to what amounts to the same thing: a costume feature with a lot of chase.

Boleslavsky's version had plenty of faults (John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, virtue poured in as a syrup, etc.), but while the subject had an inevitable ponderousness making the movement of the story as a whole rather thick and slow, it kept uppermost this element of conflict-through-pursuit, holding the story together and building its suspense. And the direction showed a degree of brute artistry in the arrangement of mob scenes, escape scenes, in the flow of sequences, the terrible approach of Javert through the sewers and the release pictured by his suicide.

In the new "Miserables" there are many fine things, and indeed it starts out as a more monumental work than the Hollywood film. I don't know anything to compare with the first section of Valjean's release from the galleys and incipient redemption from that way of life in his night spent with the Christian bishop, his next day on the road, with the theft of the silver piece leading to self-knowledge and horror. Harry Baur in the make-up here is a more tangible Valjean than any writer could create, comparing to any case-study as the actual case itself, with its warmth dirt and despair; and in such scenes as that of the gradual agony of a frozen conscience thawing out to strange tears he is certainly as high in the theatre as any ten gentlemen who will pitch you a proper tone for "Angels and ministers of Grace defend us!" But while the settings in this part as elsewhere are vital and appropriate, the production moves only as Baur moves; and by the time Fantine is introduced Baur has been hobbled sufficiently so that a certain characteristic of the direction becomes clear—in this country it would be called the ham touch. The trial scene, not successful in spite of care for details and the complex mass, comes somewhere about the middle and marks the beginning of a long long end.

The trouble with everything that comes after is that the producers seem to forget what has gone before, so that even the necessary simple motives of Valjean in his harbor of peace and loving service and of Javert stalking through the roadstead outside are lost in a rudderless course of playing a whole variety of situations for the most that can be got out of each. At Valjean's meeting with Cosette, the story marks time through a lingering idyll of the unwanted step-child—her sisters, hard chores, dolls; then we vault entirely over their escape and new start on life together to a few hasty lines establishing Cosette's sixteenth birthday. Her lover is introduced and in another twinkling his need for marriage money has been made the excuse for a comedy sequence between the Old Royalist and the Young Republican. On from there to the long and elaborate spectacle of the students' revolt—the plotting, government precautions and spies, the parade, riots, barricades, attacks, repulses, speeches, miles of everything. Javert (of all people) pops up.

Along toward the end of this opera-bouffe rebellion—one barricade in the whole city, on which they sing defiance, die, recite defiance, die, strike attitudes, pose in groups with hair no wilder than the enemy's aim—Valjean comes in again, waiting around for the endless heroics to run their course so that he can come back into the story and carry the young man we have known (adding up glimpses) about four minutes to the young lady we have known no more than two. Although our old friends Valjean and Javert now work out their linked destinies before we forget who was chasing whom, it is already too late to see any dramatic point. The producers have rejected the simple "chase" idea, rejected the more slow and solid way of biography; but if they had any substitute in a many-sided study of a class, a period, a universal truth, they have squandered that too on a county-fair jumble of sideshows and displays—none of them good enough to stand alone (the lower type of conventional Hollywood really), none of them tying together.

The photography may be art but is little else. Lighting and focus are so bad that there are whole periods when the main person of Harry Baur is an empty blur; and then to boot there will be a thousand feet of film at a time where there isn't one honest straight shot—angles of five degrees, ten degrees, fifteen degrees, right and left and up and down. Some things were created with effect, particularly the rides at night; but good sets put up to be photographed are not photography and eyestrain is eyestrain, and while they no doubt had to struggle with faulty equipment, I don't remember ever seeing anything so sustained that is such a miserable performance with cameras.

The Hollywood picture didn't have Harry Baur (which

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was a loss) but it used what it had. Charles Laughton in the part of Javert gave it as much character merely because the character as written was eminent, giving a balance to the whole story. Compared with the French picture it was no more deep and no more shallow; but it was a moving picture, it could be seen and had directness and expedition; it progressed with finality from a beginning to an end. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Every international banker has communistic tendencies.—*Father Coughlin, interviewed in The Boston, Mass., Herald.*

At Salamanca, General Francisco Franco, Fascist military commander and insurgent dictator-designate, held the Madrid government responsible for the civil war.

The bloodshed would never have come to pass, he said, "had not the socialist government committed the terrible crime of arming the people against representatives of the national will."—*Associated Press dispatch in The Hartford, Conn., Courant.*

Miser pouch, sketched. Prophetic new draw-string bag with circlet of pearl-like beads. Advance indication of new "hoarding" styles reported in Paris, inspired by present financial situation. Black wool, lamé satin, $55.—*Advertisement of the Bonwit Teller Company, in The New York Times.*

The Tree of Life's fruits in Eden were so full of vitamines that thereby longevity was imparted to Adam and Eve and transmitted by heredity to a long series of patriarchs.—*Opinion of Sir Ambrose Fleming, a British scientist, quoted in The Boston, Mass., Transcript.*

THEN LET'S NOT BOTHER

One piece of good news: In 1936 the number of motor vehicles registered in New York State, alone, increased by 124,580 to a magnificent total of 2,414,111. Those automobiles could carry the total population of New York State all at one time, with plenty of room for luggage, and bedding on the running board, if it should become necessary for the population to move West to escape airplanes, not that they could escape.—*Arthur Brisbane, in his syndicated column.*

AFTER ALL, WHO CAN LIVE ON $2,500 A WEEK?

"We've got Communists in Hollywood drawing down $2,500 a week," said Mayer. "Some of them are great writers, who are demanding 'free expression' in their work for pictures. The industry knows who they are and knows, too, that they are financed and supported by the Third Internationale."—*Louis B. Mayer, Metro-Goldwyn head, quoted in Variety.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Federal Music Project

SIR: This month will see the completion of the first year of the Federal Music Project's activities. I wonder if it has been brought to your attention that during this twelve-month period the skills of more than 17,000 musicians have been retrained, often enhanced and advanced, and rehabilitated. Music programs, some of them uncommonly ambitious, have been heard in forty states and the District of Columbia. Audience figures as of October 1 were listed at 36,121,000 for the nine months since January 1, while hundreds of radio broadcasts reached an audience which escapes computation but which must have been very large.

The 14,985 persons on the Federal Music Project rolls as of September 31, of whom 13,286 had been transferred from the relief population after qualifying auditions, were divided into 159 symphony and concert orchestras, 89 bands, 25 chamber-music ensembles, 133 dance, theatre and novelty orchestras; 35 vocalist projects, 258 teaching projects employing 1,281 qualified teachers of music; 29 projects for copyists, arrangers, binders, tuners and instrument repairers; 2 soloists' projects and 30 miscellaneous projects employing 337 persons in coördinating, supervisory, clerical or labor capacities.

It seems evident that never before has music been brought to so many people in the United States. Operas, operettas, symphonies, the great chorals and oratorios, have been heard by millions of Americans. An unsuspected and vast hunger for music has been disclosed. Dr. Nikolai Sokoloff, director of the Project, said recently that if only five percent of our people became genuinely interested in music, the demand for teachers, opera and concerts would absorb more musicians than are now available. It seems to me of tremendous social consequence that music has been brought to the "average man" at last.

Washington, D. C. JESSIE MACBRIDE.

Mr. Seeman in Rebuttal

SIR: Although I did not intend to imply in my article on Duke University [The New Republic, September 30] that the professors of the law school "acquiesced" in the activities of the Duke Endowment and the administrators, nevertheless I welcome this opportunity to discuss the points raised by the three professors in their communication [The New Republic, October 21].

I submit that Dean Miller's attempt to create at Duke a law school of international scope and vision and to put it into step with the most advanced standards of the times by affiliation with national and international movements in the field of social justice, and his courageous contest for this purpose against the disapproval of the Endowment and President Few, were not matters "wholly unconnected with academic freedom," as your correspondents say his disagreements with the administration were. By a favorite technique for defeating an issue without allowing it to come to an open conflict President Few harassed him from office by such measures as dropping him from all university committees, daily censoring his mail, criticizing him openly to his faculty, and the like. After Dean Miller's resignation Few announced in a national press release that Duke University had lent him to the government.

Your correspondents relate that, after having been informed by Dean Miller of a trustee's disapproval of the food-and-drug issue of the law journal, they went to President Few and received his promise that "freedom of speech and action would not be interfered with." To be sure. After all the resignations mentioned in my article Few said in a speech that Duke University wanted men with ideas, fearless men. These men had just been forced to resign, for their courage.

But if President Few really meant what he said, why did he subsequently delegate to Mr. Henry Dwire, director of Public Relations and Alumni Activities, the editorial surveillance of this very law journal? Or was this set-up for censorship arranged behind the backs of the law faculty? It was a matter of common knowledge and routine in my department.

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Moreover, if this journal has, as your correspondents say, "suffered no curtailment or censorship" of its original program of social critique laid down by Dean Miller, why has it since that food-and-drug episode avoided every issue touching the widespread financial interests of members of the Duke Endowment? A number surveying, for example, the private utility companies' obstructions to public power projects, or the interlocking directorates of educational institutions and the war industries, or the extra-legislative functions of lobbies, would make a good test case on this issue. I believe that the editors of this journal would find themselves up against one of "the realities of our social and economic life" that their journal is supposed to examine, a reality in which they do not, apparently, believe.

That the former Director of Legal Research for the N.R.A. joined the faculty of Duke Law School does not seem to me any refutation of the charge that the trustees complained bitterly about the New Deal activities of the various professors, and that this was one of the thngs that forced Dean Miller's resignation. The university certainly took little enough interest in the Blue Eagle during its lifetime, as shown by the niggardly treatment of its help. Also, as to the liberalism of employing the nephew of a prominent pacifist, it may be pointed out that such traits do not necessarily descend to nephews by Mendelian law—meaning no reflection on the nephew. If they did, there might be significance in the historical fact that one of President Few's ancestors was hanged as a radical in a former American revolution.

I have no wish to change my version of the resignation of Messrs. Craven and Dean, though the gentlemen of the law school have given a quite different version. The only resort now is to Messrs. Craven and Dean themselves.

Chicago, Ill. ERNEST SEEMAN.

Praise for Ralph Bates

SIR: I have just read "Compañero Sagasta Burns a Church" [The New Republic, October 14], and as I wish to say what I think about it I am writing immediately. The war in Spain seems terribly near to me, and I have tried hard to understand, and then to explain to critics of the people's government in Spain, just what this war means. This "Compañero Sagasta" is the most clarifying piece—in its indirect way—and the most subtly moving, that I have read anywhere. It is good enough to exist by and for itself; but I hope that it accomplishes a great deal more than that!

Columbus, O. JOHN S. SILLS.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware"

SIR: As a native of New York State, and as one who believes Harold Frederick's "Damnation of Theron Ware" to be one of the best of our American novels, it upsets me to read, in Miss Josephine Herbst's book criticism in your issue of October 21, that "one may compare 'The Bonney Family' with a much earlier novel, also about a minister's family in *Iowa*, 'The Damnation of Theron Ware,' by Harold Frederick. . . ."

New York City. JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Friends of Spanish Democracy, Room 414, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, call our attention to the fact that an official communication from Mr. Joseph C. Green, chief official of the Arms and Munitions Control of the Department of State, says that the United States government has no authority to prohibit shipment of arms and munitions to the loyalist government in Spain. The President has requested that no such shipments be made either to the government or to the rebels, but there is no legal authority to make his request mandatory. . . . The same organization sends us a copy of a letter to President Roosevelt protesting against a speech made during the political campaign by Father John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America in support of the Roosevelt candidacy in which Father Ryan attacked the government of Spain as communistic and expressed an "unhesitating" preference for Italian fascism as against Russian communism. . . . The Workers' Book Shop at 50 East Thirteenth Street, New York City, announces its willingness to serve as a receiving station for clothes, food, medical supplies and funds to be sent to the loyalist government forces in Spain.

In resonse to our request for the name of such a newspaper, The Buffalo County Republican in Fountain City, Wisconsin, speaks right up and avers that it has published nothing whatever about the Mrs. Simpson-King Edward affair because "there is no special interest is the subject in our community, and we have no desire to excite any interest." . . . W. H. Long who graduated last year from Duke University objects to Mr. Ernest Seeman's recent article criticizing his alma mater. He insists that many of Mr. Seeman's figures regarding the expensivenss of various Duke appurtenances were exaggerated and says it is no crime for large commercial interests to support a university which Mr. Long believes has genuine intellectual distinction. . . . The Reverend Henry J. Simpson of Flint, Michigan, believes that churches should be taxed and thus taken "out of the class of public recipients of charity." He says: "A rich church of Christ is an anomaly, and a tax-paying church should be a refreshing influence upon our civic life."

The discontinuation of the Harvard School of City Planning, which after long preparation was founded in 1929, is considered tragic by Oscar Sutermeister, who quotes Harold S. Buttenheim, editor of The American City, as saying, "It will be fine news for the advocates of rational urban and rural development throughout the United States if The Crimson can soon report that some way has been found to continue the leadership for which Harvard University has established a nationwide reputation in the educational field of city and regional planning."

A correspondent of ours has received from Germany a sociologist's manuscript on social perversion, the way in which democratic institutions can be transmuted to dictatorial uses, for which he wishes a translator. Interested persons or university departments may inquire of "Intermediary," in care of The New Republic.

The inquiry by Mr. J. T. Lynn in the correspondence columns of The New Republic for September 30, "Are nations with democratic forms of government helping the cause of peace by . . . a policy of non-intervention," since the fascist powers do not observe it, is answered by Lewis Mumford on page 230 of the same issue, Herbert E. Turtle, of Vancouver, B. C., points out. Mr. Mumford mentions the willingness of the ruling class "to have the world perish rather than let justice be done." The solution, Mr. Tuttle believes, is to replace "the present so-called democratic leaders" by ones that won't be bluffed.

What's on the Air?

President Roosevelt, Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and others on the "Mobilization for Human Needs" program. Friday, November 6, 10 P.M., C.B.S.

First of a series of fall concerts by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of John Barbirolli. Sunday, November 8, 3 P.M., C.B.S.

American Education Forum, with Professors Clyde Miller, Lyman Bryson and Jesse L. Newlon, all of Columbia University, discussing "Indoctrination and the Schools." Monday, November 9, 2 to 2:30 P.M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin of Great Britain addressing the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guild Hall in London. Monday, November 9, 4:20 P.M., C.B.S.

Senator Gerald P. Nye chooses Armistice Day as an occasion to discuss "How to Keep out of War." Wednesday, November 11, 10:30 P.M., C.B.S.

Joseph P. Kennedy, O. M. Sprague, Congressman Goldsborough and others consider the relative merits of "The Gold Standard or Managed Money" on America's Town Meeting of the Air program. Thursday, November 12, 9:30 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Norman Thomas and Dr. Harry W. Laidler upholding the affirmative of the proposition that "All Electric Utilities Should Be Governmentally Owned and Operated" in a debate with William C. Mullendore, executive vice-president of the Southern California Edison Company, and Gustavus W. Dyer, professor of Economics at Vanderbilt University. Thursday, November 19, 2 to 3 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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Booth, Adelphi, Music Box

Swing Your Lady, by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. The Booth Theatre, October 18, 1936.

Stage Door, by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. The Music Box, October 22, 1936.

It Can't Happen Here, by John C. Moffitt and Sinclair Lewis. From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Adelphi Theatre, October 27, 1936.

"SWING YOUR LADY" need not have a long review, but there are points to be noted. It has very good vernacular in much of the dialogue. That is to say the English language is alive in it instead of being the dead, flat husk that Broadway writing usually speaks. The situation has genuine comic values: the strong-man boxer steps from the ring (in Missouri) to fall in love with the lady blacksmith, who has been a sort of matriarch for progeny, their fathers nondescript. The myth of this could run as easily to folk values as to farce. And the performance of Mr. John Alexander as Joe Skopapoulos, the prizefighter, is unique in town. I have never seen so good a version of tender heart, simple mind, bull force, angry, futile puppy all combined as this that Mr. Alexander creates.

The main trouble with this play is that it is afraid to take its ease. Too many moments are whooped up; the vernacular, the sayings, the quaint and atmospheric bits are all too packed in. The scene at the smithy, for example, has in it a dozen elements of humor that this pushing and speeding along will not allow to spread into comedy; it remains burlesque. A real comedy is in this play "Swing Your Lady," but nobody believed in it enough to let that happen. Too bad, for the long arena scene that ends the play is remarkable, hugely comical and fresh.

It would not be fair to "Stage Door" to insist upon its point or depth on Broadway versus Hollywood for young actors (or for the art of acting), which might be called its theme. Doubtless the authors never intended to go very far into such a subject. At any rate in that respect the play is all surface; nothing is said about art that amounts to anything, and there is nothing to make you believe that anybody in the story would ever be a player of any interest, or understand anything outside the usual theatre prose patter. On the reverse, of course, you might say that neither is there any highty-tighty palaver about art, such as, for example, you get in the average novel about artists or find just now in the play of "The Laughing Woman" (Golden Theatre), that stage novel from Britain which only the performance of Mr. Tonio Selwart, in a role quite disemboweled, keeps from being complete rot. You could say too for "Stage Door" that so far as ideas go it represents pretty fairly no doubt what the young ladies in the theatre boarding house would say and know. And yet we could wish, for variety's sake if nothing else, that at least one young lady went deeper, with a little more plunge into what in general makes an actor or artist.

As things stand, what we have toward acting possibilities are sincerity, capacity for feeling, a fair enough physical endowment, and character. These are given to the young lady who through thick and thin resists the offers of Hollywood, to be in the end rewarded with a good role in a good play, so we are told as the last curtain nears. And this young lady, together with all her good points, goes to Miss Margaret Sullavan, a Hollywood player with a deserved and admiring public. Miss Sullavan plays the role to perfection. She has great powers of natural and simple feeling, no false moments or impulses, a flexible and moving voice, a good mask, good stage movement, and a technique that remains fresh from start to finish.

Now and again "Stage Door" drags, seems slow, partly because it grows thin, refuses either to cut deeper or to remain a simpler daylight, partly because it is punched up at times to the point of wisecracks and almost farce. Within Mr. Donald Oenslager's very right setting, the best thing about "Stage Door" is Mr. Kaufman's directing.

The discouraging thing about this play of "It Can't Happen Here" is the conception of fascism displayed. There are no doubt many versions of the term "fascism"; but to make it mean only demagoguery, brute force and rapacity is to bring the discussion down to the sophomoric, and the play to mere melodrama. Without being in any sense a fascist advocate, anybody would know that a fascism that could make any sort of discussion at all would have to have a positive side. That is to say it would have to be related in some kind of organic way to the nature of the people among whom it appears, and would have to accomplish some things at least that appeal to their better ideals and affirm their higher desires. Even to make so obvious a point is uncomfortable. Can it be that this cheap and simple and bullying business portrayed in "It Can't Happen Here" is as far as Americans could get with the conception of a fascist theory or regime? If that is so, how do we know that we have anything much better to bring to the theory and practice of democracy or any other form of government? As a picture of a supposed fascist epoch in America the play presents a fairly well scored and lustyish piece of popular theatre, easy, obvious and by no means always boring. As a sample of the American mind it is indeed damping.

To serve as complicating elements in the situation are such facts as that you do perceive behind the writing and the approach of the play the presence of a more literate mind than appears in the average theatre writing, and that the life portrayed is often simple and true, now and then even lovable. But the hint of the somewhat superior presence only makes you expect of the play more thought than it can show. If the thesis and material had been simplified to the point of folk myth or parable, this infantile conception of fascism might go down as part of the method used in fables, but when we mix in everyday reality, we make the story and theme seem only thin and cooked up. It is not parable and is not actuality. In sum there are a dozen or so causes, theses, what not, any one of which might be substituted for fascism in this same play and the stage result be about the same, though that is nothing against it as melodrama.

Mr. John Adair, granted the picture of the dictator, was excellent; so was Mr. Seth Arnold as the editor. The playing and the casting in general were well above the average. The production is one of eighteen given simultaneously in various places by the Federal Theatre Project.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A. E. Housman

THE "Last Poems" of Housman have now been succeeded by "More Poems,"[1] chosen from among the completed verses which he left behind him at his death, and thus the total number of lyrics given to the world by this most reticent and self-denying of poets grows to the total of one hundred and fifty-three; but one can say at once that it is an addition which does not change, that the addition of the third volume, like the addition of the second, extends slightly, if at all, the range, does not alter the character, and that the three books are really one, are really "The Shropshire Lad." It is more or less true that the third collection is very slightly inferior to the second, just as the second was very slightly inferior to the first. The thinnesses and barenesses are more noticeable, the repetitions of theme and tone more staring, the genuine felicities are certainly fewer. Nor are there whole poems, as many of them, which attain to quite the cool completeness of the best in "The Shropshire Lad." Nevertheless, the best here are *almost* as good as ever, and admirers of Housman will find much here to please them; while for those whose admiration is more temperate the slight slackening of the fiber will itself be of interest, as so often it tends to lay bare Housman's essential limitedness.

That he is limited, no one in his senses would deny. The actual range, when one stops to consider it, is extraordinarily narrow, and the perhaps too-well-disposed critic wonders whether he is not wish-thinking in supposing that many of Housman's restrictions were self-restrictions. It is one thing—one may say—to be limited, another to *impose* limitations on oneself; and somehow or other the myth has grown up that Housman's limitedness, like the smallness of his output, was the result of an iron discipline and restraint, a process of selection and elimination at a very high degree of tension, and that the product was accordingly, *ipso facto*, severely and beautifully classic. Housman himself did a good deal to encourage the growth of this notion—the twenty-six years of silence with which he followed the tremendous success of the book which made him famous, years during which he allowed it to be supposed that he had turned his back on poetry forever in order to bury himself in scholarship, calculatedly or uncalculatedly were bound to impress his admirers with the extreme *preciousness* of his work; and to break the long silence at last with the publication of forty-one little lyrics, rather somberly and pointedly entitled "Last Poems," as if to say "this little parcel of verses is the work of a lifetime," was only to carry the process further.

Moreover, an idea got abroad, whether with his own imprimatur or not, that one reason for the extreme smallness of his output was that the intensity of the effort, as of the "inspiration," for even the tiniest and most fragile of his verses, was too exhausting for him, could not more than occasionally be endured, an idea only partially offset by a sister rumor that it was really beer which was his inspiration—the often-celebrated "pot" of the poems. Just the same, it is permissible perhaps to question whether the narrowness of the range and the smallness of the output were not actually implicit in the nature of Housman's talent, and imposed from within rather than from without; and to question in parallel fashion whether the often-praised "classic" perfection and severity of his style might not more justly, now and then, be termed pseudo-classic.

And that, for better or worse, and at the risk of being considered guilty of something perilously like *lèse majesté*, the present reviewer has always thought, and still thinks, thinks more than ever after a rereading of the three little books. It is idle to deny the charm, the grace, the dexterity, the neatness, whether of form or thought, just as it is idle to deny the wistful and brave individuality which everywhere shows in these poems; but it seems equally idle to deny that the classic should be made of sterner and deeper stuff than this, and that if it is not to be profounder, then it must at least be more richly and variously wrought.

And even taken at its best, the texture of Housman's verse tends to be thin. Nor is this wholly a matter of choice. Simplicity is aimed at, to be sure, but there is always, also, a little *more* simplicity than was aimed at, and this looks as if it arose from the fact that Housman's sensory equipment for poetry was definitely somewhat arid. The range of mere perception is very narrow indeed—it is a world in which the grass is green and the sheep are white, as simple a world as that of W. H. Davies, for example, but with almost nothing of Davies' sudden felicities of observation or quick aptnesses of statement. Housman conventionalizes, and that would be all right if the conventionalization were itself more interesting; but for this reader at least the constant reliance on a pretty threadbare and perhaps deliberately anachronistic kind of martial imagery, joined with a bucolic imagery just as deliberately "quaint" or "homely," becomes in the end both barren and defrauding.

That one should cease to believe might not matter, provided the *playing* at poetry, the playing at profundity or skepticism, were itself more richly and ingeniously managed; but this Housman only seldom achieved. The result is a charming but incomplete and essentially adolescent poetry—the questionings and despairs and loyalties are alike adolescent, and so are the thoughts and the bravenesses and the nostalgic gayeties; and what makes it sometimes worse is one's suspicion that this adolescent note, this boyishness, is a cultivated thing, a calculated falsetto. It has been pointed out that one of the longest of the new poems —Down the waterway of sunset drove to shore a ship of gold—is a little Kiplingesque. But the truth is that something very like the Kipling note is always lurking just round the corner, in these poems, both in the tone and the text. The slightly too dactylic dittylike use of the octosyllabic quatrains, coupled with the characteristically too-thumping use of Universals, an attitudinizing orotundity, produce now and then an effect perilously close to that of the "Barrack Room Ballads."

But no, that is perhaps being too hard on a very fine poet, and to overdo our point that at least a part of Housman's charm grew from his very limitations. Greatness? No. Epigrammatic, lovely, light-colored, youthfully charming above all; but to quote a typical epigrammatic quatrain by a greater poet, Emily Dickinson, at once shows him up as a little bit thin:

[1] More Poems, by A. E. Housman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 86 pages. $2.

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Lay this laurel on the one
Too intrinsic for renown.
Laurel, veil your deathless tree;
Him you chasten, that is he.

Which is a real voice, and the real thing.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Heidelberg and the World

Heidelberg and the Universities of America, sponsored by Charles C. Burlingham, James Byrne, Samuel Seabury and Henry L. Stimson. New York: The Viking Press. 61 pages. 50 cents.

THE SPONSORS of this brief pamphlet have rendered a great service to the cause of intellectual freedom. They have here put on record a correspondence in The London Times as a result of which the British universities refused to be represented at the Heidelberg celebration of last summer. They have done so, I imagine, to point the contrast between the British attitude and that of certain American universities which decided on representation.

In essense, the issue is perfectly simple. Heidelberg University no longer enjoys freedom of thought; it must conform, in every aspect of teaching and research, to the requirements of the Hitler government. Forty-seven members of its faculties have been dismissed, whether on racial or intellectual grounds. Is it possible to coöperate with the authors of this dispensation and, at the same time, remain true to the ideal that the right of free inquiry—the essential condition of academic life—shall be limited by the duty to serve the purposes of the Hitler government?

The British universities denied this possibility. Their view was the unanimous and emphatic view that the Heidelberg celebration was either a funeral or a baptism. As the one, it betokened the death of the claim to free inquiry; as the other, it lauded the new era in which the teacher in the university was the servant, not of truth, but of a narrow and limited political faith. They held that their presence at Heidelberg would necessarily be interpreted as an acceptance of a faith of which their own habits were a living denial. They held it a duty to refrain from cooperation in a ceremony the official attitude in which was incompatible with purposes they embodied.

Certain American universities refused to think as the British universities thought. They spoke of the unlimited brotherhood of knowledge. They urged that the liberals of Heidelberg would draw sustenance from their presence. They insisted that Germans would distinguish between their affirmation of the faith of that old Heidelberg (which invited to its professorate that Spinoza whose name must not now be quoted in any German doctoral dissertation) and the new.

The reader of this pamphlet will find here a debate of first-class quality on all the issues involved. I miss my guess if he does not decide that the British universities were right. Those who went to Heidelberg were wholly unable to make their feeling for liberty known. They listened to, and they could not protest against, speeches which were a long denunciation of the faith that Harvard, for instance, has recently devoted its tercentenary celebration to reaffirming. The men they met, the men they congratulated, were those who have been urgent to destroy freedom of knowledge throughout the boundaries of Germany. Their representatives participated in a feast surrounded by noble ghosts; they did not dare to salute their presence. For the community beyond Heidelberg, their presence was interpreted to mean that the torch-bearers of American intellectual freedom saluted the men who affirmed with pride that they had been successful in destroying its German expression. They helped, as the president of the Royal Society says in the noble letter here reprinted, to give the appearance "of approving . . . the destruction in three years of what it [Heidelberg] has stood for through as many centuries." Can the presidents of Harvard, of Yale, of Columbia, believe that their gesture of courtesy evoked any response from one man of those who are the authors of this destruction? Can they believe that those in Germany who still, in secret, nourish a hope that liberty there may one day renew itself were helped by the spectacle of free men saluting the new tradition of intellectual despotism? What would President Conant have said if his tercentenary oration had been greeted by the Rector of Heidelberg as the embodiment of all that Germany is eager to destroy? That is the fact. Did courtesy truly demand the salutation of that fact? It was, surely, an ignoble thing when eminent American professors grasped the hands of men as red with the blood of academic freedom as was the hand of Abdul Hamid with Armenian blood when Wilhelm II ostentatiously saluted him. There is, as the Bishop of Durham here urges, only one way with "cynical and ruthless oppression." It is to refuse to be guilty of any act which even the most ignorant can regard as "a public and deliberate condonation" of intolerance. That was the attitude of British universities. It will stand to their credit in the coming years. HAROLD J. LASKI.

Events Leading Up

American Democracy and the World War: Pre-War Years, 1913-17, by Frederic L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 427 pages. $3.75.

TWO TASKS have been attempted by Professor Paxson: to reveal the adjustments which mark twentieth-century America, and to present the developments which led to war in 1917.

He begins by showing that American democracy was trying about 1912 to adapt itself to changing conditions that strained our institutional structure, and describes the progressive reforms that followed President Wilson's election. To this he brings rich learning and liberal sympathies. The result is an admirable study of the struggles over the tariff, income tax and the Federal Reserve, Clayton and trade-commission acts. The treatment of Wilson's pre-war policy does not adequately present the President's larger aims as to Latin America, his significant conception of America's world "mission" and his determination to encourage constitutional government and root out "dollar diplomacy." On the eve of the World War, "the land of opportunity" is well described as permeated with social ferment—movements to restrict child labor, curtail immigration, invest women with suffrage, compel temperance and improve labor conditions, rural life and education. America is seen intent upon its welfare. Changing economic and political philosophies and demands are ably recounted, disclosing much of interest about the drifts and rifts and laboratory work of the 1930's, but changing values in religion and literature are neglected.

Despite the impingement of the European war upon American problems, Wilson's reform program was successfully completed. Professor Paxson completely surveys the public's reception of that program in the elections of 1914 and 1916, and points out the continuance of the social

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struggle. He traces the War's disturbing influence on American opinion and fundamental domestic issues with the fullest comprehension so far available. Preparedness is especially well discussed. The "tangle of neutral privilege and belligerent right" is deftly clarified. The analysis of diplomatic negotiations and international law is incisive and scholarly, and Wilson's conduct of neutrality is approved.

Some of Professor Paxson's interpretations, however, seem disputable. One doubts whether Americans were so thoroughly duped by propaganda as he indicates; from the very beginning the majority was not sympathetic toward the Central Powers in the matters of the *Kriegschuldsfrage* and Belgium. The surprising claim that the mails controversy or the blacklist in 1916 could easily have led to war with Great Britain appears untenable in view of the sympathies and economic interests of Americans. Although it is difficult to measure the part played by economic factors in breaking down American neutrality, our loan policy was too important to be dismissed without an examination of its influence. In 1915 and 1916 Colonel House did not have a "free hand"; when he negotiated the House-Grey memorandum of February, 1916, he exceeded his explicit instructions, as papers presently to be published will show. That we entered the War because we were ready to fight "to end all wars" is a suggestive but an insufficient explanation; the baffling question "why" is still not fully answered.

HARLEY NOTTER.

The Inquisitors

Robespierre, by J. M. Thompson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 2 vols. 675 pages. $7.

Robespierre, by G. J. Renier. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 177 pages. $1.50.

Saint-Just: Colleague of Robespierre, by Eugene Newton Curtis. New York: Columbia University Press. 414 pages. $3.50.

IN A SUMMARY review of an exhaustive biography the reviewer owes it to the author to avoid questions of detail and to focus his observations on the broader aspects of the work. First then, it should be said that Mr. Thompson's "Robespierre" is as close to being a definitive biography of the Incorruptible as exists in any language. Mr. Thompson, who is a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford and a veteran scholar of the field, has, with amazing diligence, carried through a work of stupendous research. Basing his study in large measure upon Robespierre's own writings and speeches, he has conscientiously checked and tested that evidence with the testimony of his contemporaries and of innumerable studies, from the first history of the Revolution to the last article of his fellow specialists. He traces Robespierre's career chronologically (after a long bibliographical chapter which serves as introduction), without dramatics, without studied literary artifice, and with only occasional traces of moralizing. His thinking is clear and his expression sober; and nothing less than this deep earnestness could justify an inquiry into the career of the "most melancholy of patriots," as Robespierre once characterized himself.

His labor is monumental and it has given birth to no mouse. He has produced a human being of flesh and blood and mind, much more real than Mathiez' economic saint and far removed from Lord Acton's sinner who "reduced to a code the wickedness of public men." Real, but not altogether understandable. The flesh is firm enough, and the blood warm—perhaps cold—enough; but the quality of

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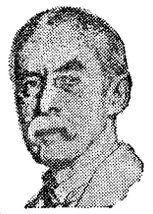

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the man's mind baffles us still, for all the author's pains to make him intelligible. Three words, he says, sum up Robespierre's *goodness:* Democrat, Prophet and Puritan. He believed in the masses and their capacity. He clung to the first principles of liberty and equality through all the stress of the Revolution. Consistently the Incorruptible in private life, he pursued with equal (if sometimes concealed) consistency his vision of a public system founded upon virtue and sustained by religion. His *greatness* lay in the thoroughness with which he emboded the main ideas and experiences of the Revolution for which he lived and died.

Manifestly this interpretation has no room for the old charge that Robespierre was a hypocrite. A fanatic, yes, as ruthless as Torquemada and as dogmatic as Calvin; but no pretender, no hypocrite. Yet in explaining why that accusation is more apparent than real, the author's own refutation, though he denies it, comes very close to proving the reality of Robespierre's spiritual deterioration. First, there is Robespierre's character, increasingly jealous, suspicious and vindictive. Then, his acquired technique of political maneuvering, of changing his front without intending to change his position. Finally, the irrefutable fact that his leadership only ran his ideals into the ground, that his Republic of Virtue was bespattered with blood, that it was the Incorruptible himself who, at the height of his ascendancy, bestowed his blessing upon the high moral endeavor to legislate men into felicity with the aid of the guillotine.

Renier's short biography is well worth reading, if only to prove again Voltaire's famous quip that "history is a pack of tricks that we play upon the dead." He writes about Robespierre and the Revolution as an avowed and militant (and an exceedingly well informed) liberal, but if his focus is the late eighteenth century, his background is the grim spectre of the twentieth-century totalitarian state. For him Robespierre has no significance whatsoever as a leader. The Incorruptible is portrayed as an essentially contemplative person, neither lesser nor greater than everyman in his frailties and virtues, whose commonplace ideas were encased in a hard shell of abstractions; a humanitarian *à la mode* compelled not by conviction but by overpowering circumstances to fashion a bizarre ideology and pursue a fantastic policy that might well stimulate totalitarian "philosophers" to burst into their national equivalent of "Heil, Heil, the gang's all here."

For the overwhelming majority of readers who derive their knowledge of the revolution from works written in English, Saint-Just is only a name, somehow vaguely associated with Robespierre's in the Committee of Public Safety. Some few years ago Geoffrey Bruun's admirable brief study helped to introduce the proud Apostle of the Terror, who "carried his head like the Holy Sacrament," to American readers. Now, fittingly enough within a few months of the appearance of Mr. Thompson's "Robespierre," Professor Curtis has published this carefully documented, full-length biography of Robespierre's youthful associate who fell with him on the 9th Thermidor. To the rehabilitation of Saint-Just's career, Professor Curtis has brought scholarly competence, critical intelligence and spirit. His meticulous analyses of the deeds and writings and his searching appraisal of Saint-Just's character and contributions may discourage impatient readers, but the work obviously was not intended for the devotees of the *"vie romancé"* school of biography. It is not only a tribute to the excellence of American scholarship in the field of the French Revolution: it also eliminates the last excuse for ignorance concerning one of the most fascinating and daring of the great revolutionary heroes. LEO GERSHOY.

Journey to Arabia

The Southern Gates of Arabia, by Freya Stark. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 350 pages. $3.75.

THOSE of us who read "The Valleys of the Assassins," Freya Stark's account of her one-woman expedition into the hinterland of unfrequented Persian mountains, will not be surprised that her new book is another classic in the field of travel literature. "The Southern Gates of Arabia" is the story of her journey in the Hadhramaut, that strip of the Arabian peninsula on the Gulf of Aden and the Arabian Sea, hitherto practically unexplored and unmapped. Miss Stark's original intention was to follow the ancient Incense Road over which the frankincense of Arabia Felix came to the altars of Damascus, Jerusalem, Nineveh and Rome. But, wretchedly ill with an attack of measles—epidemic in the Hadhramaut—she could not carry out her plan to reach Shabwa, of which Pliny wrote, and push on over "the single narrow road" to Ma'in, never visited except by Joseph Halévy, disguised as a Yemenite Jew.

To a first-rate explorer like Miss Stark, who holds the Burton Medal of the Royal Asiatic Society and other scientific honors for her distinguished work in Persia, it was a keen disappointment not to be able to strike out for the white places on the map. But she accepts her bad luck with an Islamic dignity seasoned with English good humor and makes the most of her opportunity to observe the country as far as she does go: to Tarim—farther, at that, than any other Western woman ever went alone. Miss Stark, with her knowledge of Arabic and her exuberant delight in all kinds of people, finds herself equally at home camping out at night with the Bedouins who escort her into the interior, talking about clothes with the ladies of sultans and sheiks or discussing Arabic literature and history with the sheiks themselves. The Arabs she meets in this country, hardly yet emerging from feudalism, are living portraits, touched with humor and kindliness. ELSIE WEIL.

No Decision

Green Margins, by E. P. O'Donnell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

E. P. O'DONNELL is a kind of literary James J. Braddock. When this novel was selected by the Book of the Month Club, Mr. O'Donnell had just about used up the $1,000 fellowship awarded him by the Houghton Mifflin Company in 1935 and was working with the New Orleans division of the Federal Theatre Project. Like Mr. Braddock, he jumped from the government payroll into the big money overnight: and now the boys around the ringside, having given him the once-over, are beginning to scratch their heads and wonder if he belongs there. He has his points, they admit, he hooks a good metaphor and his poetical footwork is maybe too fancy but sound, but where, they want to know, is the big punch—the haymaker, the put-him-away, the sock? Mr. O'Donnell scores point after point, he turns in a fine job of describing the Louisiana delta and some of the people who live there, but when he tries to land the big blow, the knockout, he misses by yards and yards.

It is these misses—these wild roundhouse verbal swings—that mar an otherwise admirable book. If Mr. O'Donnell had followed Mr. Braddock's sound example, and had been content to win his bout on points, we would have had one

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of the best regional novels of recent years. Mr. O'Donnell, however, wanted to do more than write a regional novel: feeling, much as I do, that we have had enough regional novels for a time. He wanted to give his book universal content and universal meaning—certainly not an unworthy ambition. But in his effort to do so he introduces a group of intellectual and society people from New Orleans, including one of the artiest artists I have ever encountered on land or in fiction, and makes them the mouthpieces for various Big Thoughts. They infect his central character, a simple Cajun girl, with Big Thoughts too, so, by the time we reach page 300, we are beginning to wonder whether we are in the Louisiana delta or Greenwich Village —all these Big Thoughts in the air and all this heavy reading and all these swarms of words.

Mr. O'Donnell keeps swinging, down to the very last gong, and there is much to be said in favor of this method of attack. Firpo sent Dempsey into the customers' laps by swinging and Tom Wolfe goes in there with both hands flying and doesn't stop until something hits the floor. Mr. O'Donnell, however, is no Firpo and no Wolfe. He seems to be swinging, not because it is his natural style, but because he thinks he *ought* to swing. I urge him to consider Mr. Braddock—or, better still, Mr. Gene Tunney. Mr. Tunney stowed no T.N.T. and knew it. He knew, also, that it was better to win on points than to lose on swings.

HAMILTON BASSO.

Simple Science

More Simple Science: Earth and Man, by Julian Huxley and E. N. da C. Andrade. New York: Harper and Brothesr. 362 pages, illustrated. $2.50.

Frontiers of Science, by Carl T. Chase. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. 363 pages, plates. $3.75.

IT IS a hopeful sign when two of England's first-ranking scientists collaborate on a work that not only makes science popular in the best sense of the word but also gives to scientific knowledge a meaning in terms of social change. In their latest volume the talented authors of "Simple Science" quite literally come down to earth and stay there. The salient facts of geology, geography and climate are followed up by a highly condensed but fascinating chapter on biochemistry; two chapters on soil and agriculture are the nearest approximations I know to the vivid realism of M. Ilin in his "Men and Mountains." The origin and development of living types are discussed at considerable length, with special reference to the improvement of species through application of genetic principles. On this last theme we can detect Professor Huxley's well known impatience with the assumption of a eugenics still dominated by Galtonian preconceptions, although it is disappointing not to have a more extended treatment of the fallacies of "race" and "breeding" in man. Two final chapters, on the history and meaning of science, round out a volume which for variety, readability and conciseness deserves a high place among the "outlines."

Mr. Chase's volume comes well recommended. Professors A. H. Compton, K. F. Mather, H. T. Stetson and E. L. Thorndike unite in praising the author's talent for popularizing the most significant discoveries in a dozen fields of scientific research. Traversing the usual itinerary from interstellar space to the origin and mystery of life, Mr. Chase is a conscientious and dependable guide along the present frontiers of human knowledge. When he describes and explains some basic research in physics, chemistry or

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biology he is excellent; but when he reflects, he can get no further than the agnostic's threadbare question, "Given the means, is man fitted to control his destiny?"

HAROLD WARD.

Books in Brief

I Saw Them Die, by Shirley Millard. Edited by Adele Comandini. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 125 pages. $1.50.

ON MARCH 16, 1918, Miss Millard wrote: "I am going to France to help nurse the wounded. So thrilled I can hardly believe it's true." On reaching Bordeaux, her unit learned it was to be rushed out to an emergency hospital near the firing line. She was still thrilled. "Real war at last. I can hardly wait," says the diary for March 24, but four days later she wrote only "Terribly busy. It is all so different from what I imagined. No time to write." Her education in the reality of war had begun. What follows is an account of hard, breathless, largely futile work, of lost cases, hideous mutilations and agonized deaths; of a steadily growing horror and revolt so deep that when Armistice Day came it found her bereft of all power of rejoicing in it. Nearly twenty years later Miss Millard offers this diary with some amplifying comment on its brief entries to her son, his friends and their mothers in "a world once again beating the drums of war." It is a stark and convincing record of tragedy, but the most tragic thing about all such records is probably that, despite the high and sincere purpose back of their publication, they cannot stop the beating of the war drums.

M. G.

For the Sake of Shadows, by Max Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 200 pages. $2.50.

A writer with enough books to his name to make the name attractive to Hollywood took a job in one of the major film studios, telling himself Now you mustn't whine, mustn't be superior or anything, you know you did it for the money of your own free will, chin up now, good sport, etc. He lasted about seven working days and had a pretty bad time because he was really a sensitive chap who liked thinking and nature, etc. The book covers the emotions and experiences of these few days, with some pretty unstartling philosophic notes on Man, Life, the Machine thrown in. The few glimpses of studio routine are convincing, the honesty with which the author analyzes his own intimate feelings is genuine and almost embarrassing—and certainly a little dull. But not wasted. He is so sensible, tolerant and purely decent that in the end Hollywood is just naturally all the things he keeps forever saying he mustn't call it. He has a complete ignorance of pictures at his fingertips, but his case against the madhouse in which they are made could still have been an authentic job if ingenuousness about other walks of life were not constantly tripping out like the cherubim in a Congregational church cantata with such upsie-daisies as this: "Yet for us now to call ourselves writers is blasphemy to the earth's greatest profession."

O. F.

Contributors

RALPH BATES is a young English writer whose current novel, "The Olive Field," as well as the earlier "Lean Men," deals with the revolutionary movement in Spain.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP is the author of two books of verse, "Minute Particulars" and "Now with His Love," and a novel, "Act of Darkness."

CHESTER T. CROWELL, who has done newspaper work throughout the United States, has contributed fiction and articles to a large number of magazines. His most recent book was "Recovery Unlimited," published this year by Covici, Friede.

JAMES BENET, a member of the staff of The New Republic, is a graduate of Stanford University. He is the son of William Rose Benét.

J. V. HEALY is in charge of the correspondence courses for the University Extension System of Massachusetts.

CONRAD AIKEN recently returned to this country after several years in England. His new book of poems, "Time in the Rock," has just been published by Scribner's.

HAROLD J. LASKI, who has frequently contributed to the The New Republic, is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics and has written numerous books, the most recent being "The Rise of Liberalism: The Philosophy of a Business Civilization."

HARLEY NOTTER is a student of recent American history, has been an instructor at Stanford University, and is at present assistant to Mr. Ray Stannard Baker in writing the authorized biography of Woodrow Wilson.

LEO GERSHOY is associate professor of History at Long Island University and author of "The French Revolution and Napoleon," published recently by Crofts.

ELSIE WEIL is associate editor of Asia magazine.

HAMILTON BASSO's new novel, "Courthouse Square," was published on October 21 by Scribner's.

HAROLD WARD's special interest is in the field of science and technology, on which subjects he has written reviews and articles for various publications.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Martha Gruening and Otis Ferguson.

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